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# Liberty 5¢



**HOW THE QUINTUPLETS ARE GETTING RICH**  
by MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

JOHN ERSKINE • VIÑA DELMAR • CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER •  
ACHMED ABDULLAH • ANTHONY ABBOT • BERT GREEN



# SOVIET PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE UNITED STATES EXPOSED!

**B**EHIND the gay, suave life of the Embassies, and the statecraft of European powers, lies a world of secret intrigue and underhand espionage. Probably the most secret, most sinister and far reaching of all is the spy system of Soviet Russia—the dreaded G. P. U.—more relentless in its efforts to bring about world revolution than when Ivan the Terrible dispatched his henchmen on errands of death.

Into this web of craft and danger went a woman to stake her life fighting the Red menace in its campaign to overthrow the United States of America. Given exclusively to True Detective Mysteries for first publication, the amazing revelations of Marie Brett-Perring make one of the most astounding fact stories ever published in any magazine.

Begin this thrilling expose of Red Russia's wide-flung intrigues today in October TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, page 6, on sale at the nearest news stand.

## THE DEAD BEAUTY IN 112!

A telephone inquiry at the morgue regarding a crime not yet discovered—an anonymous telephone tip to the police—an unknown woman discovered shot through the head in a deserted apartment. It was a case that held slim clues for the men of the Minneapolis detective force. Yet it was solved with a surprising denouement through the use of the meagre evidence of a faint finger print on an inside door knob. How the Minnesota men traced, captured and convicted the slayer is now revealed in complete detail by Herbert A. Paradeau, Junior Captain of Detectives, Minneapolis Police Department, in October True Detective Mysteries. If you enjoy an intriguing detective story enhanced with the stamp of truth from the official records, you'll enjoy every word of The Dead Beauty in Apartment 112.

## ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

SMASH THE PAROLE EVIL! by Hon. Frank D. Fitzgerald, Governor of Michigan—TRAPPING THE SOUTHWEST'S PHANTOM SLAYERS, Chief Deputy Sheriff L. G. McDonald—THE BODY IN THE BAY, Colonel George Warburton Lewis, former Commander Insular Police, Puerto Rico—SMASHING AMERICA'S SECRET TEN, Inspector Frank S. W. Burke, Chief of Detective Bureau, Washington, D. C.—THE KNIFE THRUST, Mayor D. D. Stephens, Slocumb, Ala.—I WAS INNOCENT BUT THEY CONDEMNED ME FOR MURDER—HOW I ESCAPED FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND by Desiré Trabucco—MURDER IN THE CHURCHYARD—THE RED ENIGMA IN 2G—AT THE SIGN OF THE GREEN GLARE—THE LINE-UP—LINE-UP CAPTURES—LUKE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.



# TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

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# The Government Is Choking Us to Death with Taxes

**T**HROUGHOUT this entire country in practically every business organization and in every household the word "economy" means something. But in governmental circles spending is the main thought. Where can we spend more money? How can we get more money?

Taxes, more taxes, is the main thought. Federal, state, county, city, or community—they all add to the frightful burden that is now choking the life out of this country.

In the first five years of this century the average annual expenses of the federal government were about \$520,000,000. Now it is over four billion. In other words, the taxes necessary to maintain our Washington government have increased more than eight times.

And the present administration went into office with a promise to reduce expenses!

But who ever heard of politicians reducing expenses? Year after year they automatically call for more money in every governmental department.

And it's about time for the taxpaying citizens of this country to get up on their hind legs and fight against this monstrous evil that will ultimately destroy us.

With more than three million employees on the pay roll of the government, which, with their dependents, probably means twelve or fifteen million, we have more than 10 per cent of the population of this country eating at the governmental table.

There is absolutely no reasonable excuse for the colossal increase in the cost of government. If you would ask the average citizen who was in his twenties the first part of this century, he will probably tell you that the government of today is no better than it was at that time. He might go further and say that it was not up to the former standard. Then why this enormous increase of expense, not only in our federal government but in every county, town, city, and state. Practically everywhere governmental expenses have increased enormously, though there are a few communities in which taxpayers' organizations have made such a howl that the spirit of economy was made to prevail.

And that is what must be done throughout this entire nation. The government must be compelled to economize. They must be forced to recognize the same need for reduction in ex-

penses which has applied in recent years to every business and every home.

Nearly everywhere in governmental circles you find appalling waste; employees drawing salaries with little or nothing to do. Workers are often being paid for services that consist largely of loafing. A certain amount of this may be desirable in preference to the dole. But the principle of economy must be made to operate throughout all governmental activities.

This entire country is sick and tired beyond all description of political trickery. It is disgusted with meaningless promises that are never carried out.

And there should be a fierce screeching, growling protest—loud enough to be heard from Maine to California—at the constantly mounting cost of government.

To be sure, every governmental employee probably means three or four votes, including his dependents, and previous to election the policy of freely adding employees is a temptation that is hard for politicians to resist. But unless we as a nation can do something to remedy this appalling situation, this robbery of the people through colossal and needless expenditures, we are headed toward national bankruptcy.

The workers of this country often use the strike as a means of calling public attention to their demands. And it is about time for the taxpayers to do some striking. They are the suffering victims of this nefarious robbery of the people; and as long as they meekly submit, governmental expenses will continue to mount higher and higher.

More—more—always more. There is no such thing as satiety to the greedy demands of those political bloodsuckers. But an organized protest by suffering citizens from every community in this country will undoubtedly get results.

Grim determination, the fighting spirit of Jefferson and Lincoln, is sorely needed at this time.

In union there is strength. When we stand alone we cannot be heard. We should bind ourselves together and make a unanimous demand for relief from this backbreaking load. Then we may force action that will bring relief.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

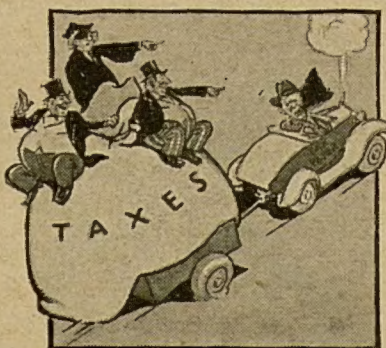
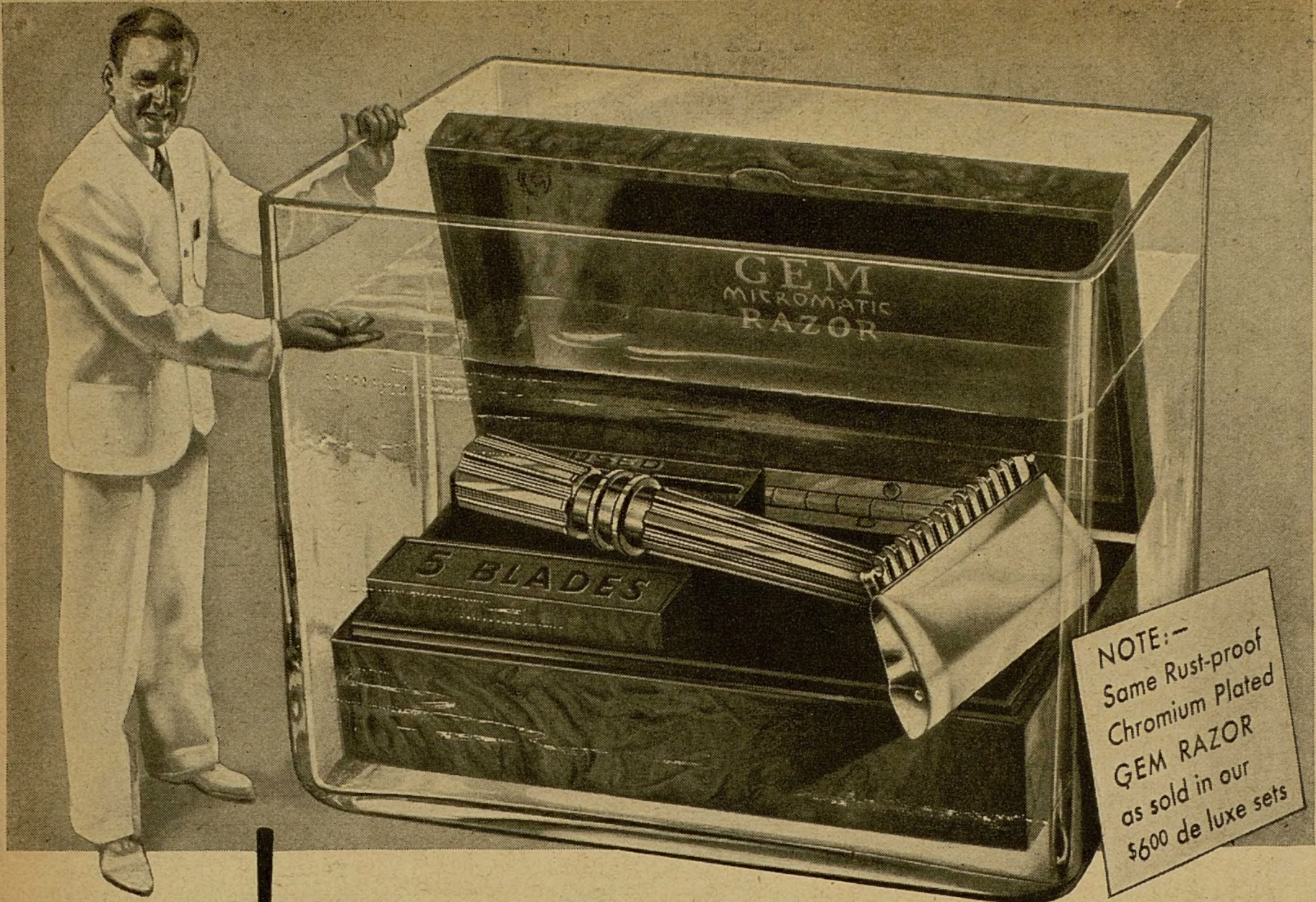


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# new! Rust-proof GEM Razor in a *sanitary washable case*

THE professional barber will recommend Gem's new sanitary outfit—the *first* shaving set which protects *both* razor and case from contamination by soiled fabric or corrodible metal. This latest edition DE LUXE GEM is distinguished by a Marbelite stain-proof box, washable as glass—a full chrome plated Gem holder originally included in our "high hat" \$6 sets, and five surgical steel Gem Blades.

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cealed in the handle. The simplest, strongest, handsomest razor made, using the sharpest, *slowest-dulling* blades ever built.

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# GEM MICROMATIC Razor and Blades

ALL ONE PIECE — Twist — it opens! Twist — it closes!



# Master VILLON LIES



## The Story of a Rogue's Revenge

READING TIME  
21 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

WHEN Master François Villon, poet extraordinary, got to his room he shed his clothes and went to bed. What a day! What a couple of days!

It began when Montigny and he were arguing in the middle of the square where the Street of Saint James continues over the bridge. Montigny thought they should go south before the police discovered what they had been doing Saturday night. Master Villon, whose temperament was to face danger and scare it off, maintained that their flight would give the police an idea, and to these gentlemen an idea comes only as a gift.

Just then she passed, wrapped in a cloak but not hopelessly disguised.

"What a temple for the human spirit to dwell in!" he exclaimed.

"Keep your mind on the practical," urged Montigny.

"Black hair with a wave in it, black eye with a gleam in it, creamy cheek with a rose in it—"

"Forget the drab and consider your neck!"

"Drab, did you say? Drab?"

Master François Villon overtook the lady and swept a grand bow.

"I was wondering," said he, "if you were engaged this evening."

She gave him a queer look—curiosity, amusement, and something else. She also gave him her address, before they got through, and he was delighted to find she lived in a reputable quarter on the Isle of Saint Louis, right on the river.

So against Montigny's protests he set out for his fate or luck, and he asked Michel the tailor to clean his suit, and since he had no cash, Michel accepted his jewel-hilted dagger as a deposit.

That was Tuesday, remember. He reached the fine house on the island, she gave him food and drink, and beyond that a taste of beatitude which couldn't be put into words, but you'll understand they were both plunged to the depths of the ocean of love.

However, when they came up to breathe, the lady rang for her servants and they stuffed Master François into a sack and tossed him into the river, to drown more literally. Her thought was that an insult should be avenged, and it wasn't right to make indecent proposals to the gentry, and though he was an adorable companion for dinner, and indeed for the full evening, she didn't want him to mention it afterward.

Struggling in the water he found a hole in the sack, tore it apart, swam ashore, went dripping home.

That was Wednesday morning, between the hours of five and six. Montigny stopped in around eleven, and when Master François, naked in his bed, recounted with gusto the kind of entertainment he had received, Montigny said they couldn't go south too soon, because a great lady would be thorough in her revenge, and the first time her escaped victim showed himself in the streets—

"Lend me a gold piece," interrupted Master François. "I'll have Michel dry this suit. Lend me your suit so I can take mine to him. I'm dining with her again to-night."

He had his way, as usual, and you can imagine Montigny in the bed, having yielded up his clothes, and having also picked out of his purse, with ungracious reluctance, a shining gold piece. The tailor got his money, Master François got his knife back.

When he arrived at the lady's, the servants thought he



was a ghost and promptly left the house. At first the lady thought he was a ghost, and then she didn't think so, and then she was glad he hadn't drowned, and then she offered her love again, and when she had committed herself beyond misunderstanding, he said he wasn't interested, and had dropped in only because he knew she would make improper proposals, and he hoped for the pleasure of turning her down.

She would have killed him then, but the servants were still running, so he came home and went to bed, satisfied with his two crowded days, but feeling the need of sleep.

It was ten o'clock of a sunny morning before he came to, and he wouldn't have waked then if a hand hadn't slapped his shoulder. Long habit aiding him, he seized the knife from under his pillow, slipped out the farther side of the mattress, and faced the intruder.

"It isn't so bad as you think," said a smooth voice. "It's me."

"For God's sake, Montigny, you gave me a start!"

Whereupon the poet restored the knife to the pillow, poked that article of furniture to soften the straw, and got into bed again.

"Pull on your breeches," said Montigny. "You and I are traveling south within the hour."

"Not I," said Master Villon, stretching his toes farther down under the blanket. "I devote this day to quiet. I need solitude and rest."

The visitor stood beside the bed, one slender hand twisting a smart mustache. Master Villon looked up, Montigny looked down, both pairs of eyes unblinking, like two dogs in the streets ready to lock jaws.

"Did the tailor clean your suit?"

"Thanks to your gold piece."

"You dined with her again, as you threatened?"

"Threatened? As I promised!"

"You repeated your conquest?"

"I varied the entertainment. When she dropped in my arms, I said, 'Thank you, no!'"

"Truth?"

"So help me!"

"Well," said Montigny, "that's too cruel. She'll kill you for that!"

"If I understood her parting words," said Master Villon, "she does hope for revenge, but I shan't run away!"

"You aren't maudlin, are you?"

"Sleepy, rather. Were you about to take your leave?"

Montigny leaned over the bed. "That gold piece—I forgot to tell you that it was false!"

"So?" Master Villon for a moment raised his head from the pillow, then sank back and yawned. "The tailor can worry!"

"The tailor, among others," said Montigny. "He tried to spend it yesterday evening, and this morning, when they pressed his thumbs, he told where he got it."

MASTER VILLON was out of bed, dressing rapidly.

"Counterfeiters boil in oil," said Montigny, stating a principle of nature.

"The tailor boils at four o'clock this afternoon. If they can find you, you will join him in the caldron. But it occurred to me that a journey south on a fast horse—"

"You have no horse."

"But I know where to find one!"

Master Villon drew his belt tight and stuck his knife in it. "Did you know that piece was false?"

Montigny's thin mouth smiled uncomfortably. "Three pieces were in my purse, and I suspected one of them, and by accident—"

"By accident you've been found out," said Villon. "There'll be room for three in that soup pot!"

"I provide for your escape," said Montigny.

"You wish to remove the evidence," said Villon.

Each had his dagger hand on his belt.

"If you name me—" began Montigny.

Master Villon was conciliatory. "If you'd only take a message to the Duke of Orleans—"

"I prefer not to meet him!"

"Say I'm in danger of being hanged this afternoon—"

"Boiled, if you stay here!"

"Hanged, I think. Just before they pull the ladder away, if the duke permits them to go so far, I'll shout out the name of the friend who made the coin."

Montigny drew his knife at the last words, but quickly put it back again.

"Quite right," said Master Villon. "They wouldn't lend you a horse if you had blood on you."

WHEN he knocked at the prison, twenty minutes later, the provost did not trouble to conceal his amazement.

"You, of all people, to come where you're wanted!"

Master Villon sauntered into the grim corridor as though glad to be for a moment among friends.

"A neighbor of mine is in difficulties, I hear; a simple fellow, a tailor."

The provost, having replaced the bolts, took occasion to confiscate the dagger protruding from the belt. Master Villon seemed not to notice.

"The man is innocent," he continued. "I know you'll be glad to hear it."

"For two years or more," said the provost, "I've been praying for this hour! The stairs to the right, if you please! Don't stumble."

At the bottom of the winding stones Master Villon might have been shocked had that been his first glimpse of a torture chamber. A pine knot, smoking from the wall, gave just enough light for the keepers to work by. No prisoner had time to complain of the smoke in his eye. A machine like a table filled the middle of the floor. Three dark figures were watching a white carcass hanging clear of the ground, the carcass being Michel the tailor. Master Villon understood the routine. Michel's wrists were tied behind his back and he was hanging by his wrists, a painful posture if the bones held, and worse if they didn't.

"He's fresh from the rack," said the provost, "and we're letting him rest—"

"For the love of God!" groaned the tailor.

"—while we ask *you* a few questions," continued the provost, and with that the three helpers had Master Villon on the table and tore the garments off so they could see how much strain to apply.

"Is this necessary?" inquired the prostrate poet. "I

gave Michel the gold piece for cleaning the suit you handle so roughly. He bit the money. If a counterfeit ever touched that man's fingers, it was against his will and without his knowledge."

"Since you confess your guilt," said the provost, "the tailor may stand on his feet and ease his elbows while we learn where you make these coins and who assists you. A full turn on the windlass, there!"

The shade of a second before Master Villon's joints came apart, the rope around his right ankle broke, and they had to loosen the machine and start over again. Master Villon got his breath and resumed conversation in a reasonable tone.

"The gold piece was a gift from the Duke of Orleans some time ago, and I spent it now only because I was going into the sort of society the duke adorns, and I'd hate to appear unworthy of my distinguished protector."

"The windlass again!" ordered the provost, rendered more determined by mention of the duke.

"As I left my room to bring aid to Michel," continued Master Villon quickly, "I sent word to the duke that you'd perhaps overstep your authority. He's on his way now. I believe he hopes to find me in good health!"

The provost stared.

"Let him up, men! Put his clothes back on! We know what we need."





Master Villon found it difficult to stand. "I shan't be myself again for months!" he complained. "The duke shall hear of this!"

"It will go in the final report," said the provost. "We'll tell him that you said he gave you a gold piece, which is one lie, and that you invited him to visit this jail, which is another."

"So help me!" said Master Villon, raising his right hand as the keepers were getting his shirt down over him.

"The duke," continued the provost triumphantly, "wished to be present in person to see your accomplice boil, but he's entertaining some friends this afternoon, and he doubts if the ladies would enjoy it."

It was Master Villon's turn to stare.

"Put them in separate cells," said the provost. "They won't need lunch. Start the fire under the caldron at one o'clock, or thereabouts. We'll be on hand with the ladder and the rope at two."

"A rope, did you say?"

The provost chuckled. "Your tailor-man ought to have been more careful where he spent that coin. He gave it to the duke's steward for rent, and the duke, not recognizing his own gift, demands the full rigor of the law."

"But Michel isn't to blame!" cried Villon.

"In a sense I believe you," agreed the provost, urging him off to his cell. "It will be on your conscience when he squirms in the oil, but we'll place the caldron so he can watch you twisting in the halter."

That afternoon Master Villon and Michel occupied a plank across a cart, and the cart made its way slowly through the crowds, around the gallows at Montfaucon. The stout tailor, with his arms still tied behind him but with a black robe drawn hastily over his skin, leaned forward in a state of collapse. Master Villon, with a separate but minor set of aches, exercised his habitual grace of spirit. If Montigny got the news to the duke, the duke would come; and if he arrived in time, Master Villon counted on the great man's tenderness for poets, even when they were disreputable. Duke Charles made verses himself. Master Villon was almost sure he would arrive in time.

By the way of bravado, since his confidence was not perfect, he rallied Michel. "That gown does you no credit! You should have insisted on breeches of your own make, with braid down the velvet!"

Michel was too far gone to care. Master Villon tried to rouse him with a few extra terrors.

"The last time I saw it done the poor devil kept drawing up his toes as they lowered him into the oil. He went in backside first, which was of course ridiculous. Remember not to pull up your toes!"

Michel raised a bitter eye.

"WE always have something to be thankful for," Master Villon pressed on. "You wouldn't think of it, not having studied philosophy, but it's a comfort to a scholar like me. That other forger I referred to was dipped in his birthday skin, all but a handkerchief in the center because there were ladies present. Now *you*, though grotesque in that nightgown, are at least covered, and they'll probably tie the lower hem under your feet. That way they'll be able to lift all of you out at once afterward. You've boiled a chicken in your time, I suppose? The fatter the bird, the sooner the flesh parts from the bones."

"God!" shrieked Michel. "I can stand no more! Hell is too good for you!"

"Our besetting weakness," reflected Master Villon, "comes to the top at the last hour. You never had a sense of humor."

The cart had reached the gallows on the hill, where the caldron, by the provost's orders, was already at a vicious temperature. Rumor of an execution had brought the citizens—men, women, and children—especially women—and the constables had their work cut out keep-

ing back the mob. A bench of clean wood had been set up in the front row, as it were, for the better class, if any should attend. Master Villon took what courage he could from this furniture, but as he and the hangman climbed up the ladder, rung by rung, his heart did sink a little. He turned to view the landscape.

"Wait till you reach the top!" said his attendant. "I'll give you a moment, if you want to pick out your friends."

"They are all my friends!" sighed Master Villon, moving up as slowly as he could. "I was just fixing the town in my memory. I've enjoyed the place, on the whole."

At the top of the ladder, as soon as the rope was fitted, the hangman kept his word and allowed a short grace. Master Villon turned cautiously, for fear of slipping, and surveyed the roofs and streets where he had tasted so rich a portion of wretchedness and pleasure. On one count or another he had at various times expected to be hanged. He had never expected to be hanged for a crime he hadn't committed. He wished he could squeeze more comfort from his innocence.

HE looked down. They were swinging poor Michel over the pot. Two executioners were working a heavy bellows

to blow the fumes off the oil, so he wouldn't suffocate. The hangman was looking up, ready to pull away the ladder.

And there, on the bench in the front row, just arrived, sat Duke Charles with his party of great folks! The ladies had decided not to be squeamish. At the duke's right hand sat a lovely creature with curly hair and skin of a delicious cream. As Master Villon fixed his eye on her, she looked up at him. It was the lady of the two nights! If anything on earth could please that woman, it would be the sight of him hanged!

"Pull away the ladder!" he called down. "I have seen enough!"

But just at that moment the lady grasped the arm of Duke Charles. "The devil knows his own!"

"It's a habit of the devil," said the duke. "Were you thinking of yourself or of me?"

She pointed. "The biggest liar in the world!"

The duke looked once and jumped to his feet. "My favorite poet!" he cried. "Here, wait a moment!"

"Shall we go on with the tailor?" said the provost, trying to save something from defeat.

"A moment! Didn't I tell you never to hang François Villon without giving me a chance at him?"

"He's a liar, my lord," said the provost.

"He is indeed!" said the lady.

"Fetch him down," said the duke, "and let the tailor wait!"

While they were unharnessing the poet, Duke Charles gave him a character.

"The man has charm," he explained, "and there's a wealth of bitter music in him which takes the place of ordinary virtues. The last thing to do with him is trust him—or hang him!"

"My lord," said the provost, "he says he gave the gold piece to the tailor—"

"No doubt."

"But he says he had the gold piece from you."

"If that were so," said the duke, "and if that were all he had from me, I'd be better off. Here we are!" he cried cheerfully, as the prisoner was led up. "Did I give you that gold piece?"

"You did not," said Master Villon.

"Why did you lie?"

"To save a friend, my lord. He lent me the piece in good faith, I believe, having received it I don't know from whom, but your provost is so free with the law he can't distinguish between an unknown criminal and an habitual victim like myself."

The duke laughed. Master Villon noticed the lady didn't smile.





"I had the great pleasure of refusing, though she begged, as you might say, on her knees."

"So," continued the duke, "you were dying to save a friend?"

"Frankly, no, my lord! My friend left town some hours ago on the fastest horse he could borrow—at least, I hope he borrowed it. I'm merely sticking to Michel here, who has done no wrong."

The duke stroked his chin.

"Provost, the tailor goes back to his cell till tomorrow. You might ask the surgeon to look him over. Master Villon is dining with me."

"Dining, my lord? How shall I put it in the record?"

The duke was helping the dark lady to her feet, and his men were bringing up the horses for the ride home.

"Are you asking whether I take my guests from the gallows? Master Villon's trial is not yet concluded. In fact it has but begun. Perhaps you will be hanging him tomorrow with my consent."

"And the tailor, my lord?"

"They'll go together, either way."

So Master Villon found himself sitting in the castle at the duke's left hand, with the lady across the table from him at the duke's right, and the other gentry around the board curious for the end of the adventure. The lady had said not a word, and only when she thought Master Villon was not looking at her did she look at him. His head was a bit light for lack of sleep and because of the tumult of the day, and his swollen joints throbbed from that pull of the windlass. He was sorry to be facing her with his faculties at less than their keenest.

"Now, François," said the duke, when the meal was midway between soup and fish, "you've put a great embarrassment on me! I can't forever condone crime in the interest of art—not unless the art is greater than the crime, and I'm not sure even your art can claim another mercy. Lady Marguerite here, with the penetration which belongs to her character, noticed as you stood on that ladder that you're the greatest liar in the world. I informed her that you are a poet, which is perhaps the pleasanter way to put it. We'd be glad to have our judgment confirmed, and I as your protector should have an easier conscience if you'd kindly demonstrate forthwith that your skill as an artist is still a step or two ahead of your energy as a rascal."

"I therefore propose," continued the duke, as serious as a judge, "that you fabricate on the spot a handsome falsehood. If my guests agree that it's the greatest lie ever heard, you have your liberty. If any one here can tell a better one, you hang."

THE steward came to the head of the table and tried to say something, but since it was about household business, the duke waved him off.

Master Villon rubbed his forehead with a hand which tried not to shake, his eyes lifted to the white brow across the table, the lips he had kissed, the soft cheeks—

"Very well, my lord!" he exclaimed briskly. "I offer you a page from my humble life."

"The day before yesterday I met on a street corner that charming person at your right hand. Her name, if I heard you correctly, is Lady Marguerite."

The great folks laughed at the bold overture.

"Always susceptible to beauty, and particularly ardent at that moment, I lifted my cap, bowed in my best manner, and inquired whether Lady Marguerite had any engagements for that evening, or whether she shared my disposition to spend the night—wherever she preferred. With disarming enthusiasm, the charm of which I shall always recall, she invited me to dine with her."

The great folks gasped. Duke Charles scowled. The lady herself had turned to marble.

"When I reached her well appointed residence," continued Master Villon, "Lady Marguerite set before me exceptional food, unbelievable wine. We talked of this and that, kindling to each other's soul as lovers will, until she conducted me to her boudoir. Of what there occurred



I will but say that no gentleman here has imagination fleet enough to catch up with the facts."

"François," interrupted the duke, "I excuse you from hanging. I pronounce you Liar in Chief, but stop before I must defend my guest and slit your throat!"

"My lord," said Master Villon stubbornly, "this contest was not of my seeking, but now not even you can stop me! When at last we returned from that delicious room,





with Lady Marguerite clinging to my arm, she, from motives which I shan't enlarge on, rang for her servants, who stuffed me into a sack and tossed me through the window to drown."

"And the conclusion of the tale, I suppose, is that your body is now washing toward the sea?"

"No, my lord, my body is here. I got out of the sack and swam ashore. Michel had a sorry task cleaning my

clothes. I gave him the gold piece for it."

He paused and glanced across the table. Every one looked at Lady Marguerite. She was still marble.

"The story seems to be complete," said the duke, "and the vote will now be taken. All those who think this the greatest lie they ever heard, please raise their hands!"

One hand went up from each guest except Lady Marguerite.

"You're not voting?" asked the duke. "Did you ever hear a better one?"

She answered distinctly: "It's no lie, my lord—it's the truth."

Just a second of astonishment, then they all laughed heartily.

"I am sorry, François," said the duke, "but you hang! That shoots beyond your mark!"

Lady Marguerite looked at the poet and smiled.

"THERE'S more to the story," insisted Master Villon, with a flavor of wrath in his voice, as well as of fear. "The next night—that's *last* night—I returned to her door, and the porter, thinking me safely drowned, had a fit at sight of my ghost, so I got to her room, and she too thought I was a dead man walking, but when

she saw her mistake she asked forgiveness for the murder, which of course I granted, and then she asked me to repair to the boudoir again, and I had the great pleasure of refusing, though she begged, as you might say, on her knees, with such a yearning of the eyes, such a hungry tone in the voice, such a dampish grip in the fingers—"

"God! That's a lie!" exclaimed Lady Marguerite, starting to her feet.

Duke Charles gazed thoughtfully at the handsome angry woman and at the thin alert poet.

"The court is adjourned," he said, with unusual softness. "This time we shan't need a vote."

Lady Marguerite dropped back into her chair, cheeks flushed, eyes cast down.

The steward, sticking his head in the door, still had something on his mind. Duke Charles beckoned him in.

"See that Master Villon reaches his lodgings safely."

Master Villon rose, bowed to the company, bowed personally to Lady Marguerite, and went off under escort.

The steward came again to the duke's chair.

"I didn't summon you," said the duke.

"The tailor?"

"Ah, yes! Let him go."

The steward lingered.

"What else?" asked the duke.

"My lord, that fast horse of yours, the new one, was stolen this afternoon."

THE END



# HOW THE *Quintuplets* ARE GETTING RICH

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



## A GLIMPSE OF THE RADIANT FUTURE THAT AWAITS

WATCHING the old but perpetually absorbing nursery drama of babies finding their feet, as rehearsed in the Dafoe Hospital for the Dionne quintuplets, I have thought what every mother thinks as she watches her own toddler. The same reflection must have occurred to thousands.

Where, an adoring public must ask, will those untried little feet carry their owners? On what journeys will the world's five most famous babies walk in time to come?

Today they lead the life of royal princesses—five princesses charming. Tomorrow—

Will they go on the stage in what might be the most spectacular of all "sister acts"?

Will they enter society under suitable chaperonage and find the princes whom princesses deserve?

Will they seek individual careers?

Whatever their role, will they play it like wise and happy young women, adjusted successfully to community, to family, to one another? Or will they develop into the spoiled brats which now, emphatically, they are not?

Already propitious Fates promise three powerful magics to the little Dionne girls.

They will be strong and beautiful.

Their physical charm will be reinforced by mental, moral, and social graces if educational plans already laid do not go awry.

And it seems as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world that when King George's most-talked-about wards come of age they will be rich.

By the accident of birth, in the most literal sense, they were raised from rags to riches. A year and a half ago, five miniature mouths, mewling like kittens, sucking nourishment from a medicine dropper, nevertheless con-

tained, all unseen, five silver spoons. Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie will eat out of those spoons until they are eighteen years old—nothing except death can prevent it.

Contracts signed for them during the first year of their lives will have brought in something like \$200,000 by the time they are two or three years old, and other new and profitable contracts are in prospect. This money is derived chiefly from the sale of photograph and motion-picture rights and from manufacturers of articles used in the nursery.

The intrigues and backstairs politics surrounding a conference of the League of Nations at Geneva are no more complicated and costly than the undercover warfare waged over the unconscious heads of these five infants to determine who shall point a camera at them. Bidding for pictures rose to fantastic, to unbelievable figures before the final award of the contract for the present year.

The quintuplets' trust fund is administered ably and economically by their unpaid government guardians. At the present rate of increase a million-dollar melon, instead of a cake, may be cut at the coming-of-age eighteenth birthday party! And this in a community where their father's poor and envious neighbors consider him passing rich on the \$100 a month he receives as his present share of his children's money. He is dissatisfied—but the neighbors point out that he formerly considered himself lucky to handle as much as fifty dollars a year in cash.

That is the financial index of the upbringing his five daughters would receive had they not been a world's wonder, the only quintuplets who ever lived longer than a few minutes.





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## THE WORLD'S FIVE MOST CELEBRATED BABIES

by MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

As it is, if they were a king's daughters instead of his wards, the arrangements for their welfare could hardly be more careful and comprehensive. Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's charges receive in their small but perfect nursery all the advantages of a palace upbringing and none of the artificial disadvantages. For example, the original simple log structure which was the nursery hospital has just been remodeled at a cost of \$10,000.

The most recent proof of the success of Dr. Dafoe's system is the painless dentition enjoyed by Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie. All five, in the summer just past, have been cutting their teeth with no more disturbance than you would cut a fingernail! Prickly heat, mosquito bites, summer complaint—all the hot-weather ills that infant flesh is heir to—are unknown to these lucky little girls.

If you could see other girl babies in that back country—rachitic, anemic, undernourished, their noses running with a perpetual cold, their jaws hanging open with the adenoids and diseased tonsils which colds induce! Underneath, indeed, they have a certain tough vitality. But the average mother in an American slum knows and practices a wiser child hygiene than many of these children's mothers—and can feed her baby pure pasteurized milk.

Upon the physical groundwork so well laid for the Dionne girls, the erection of the superstructure of mental, moral, and social education already has begun. They probably will be bilingual babies, for at present they are being taught by their nurses to speak French—literally their mother tongue, since Mrs. Elzire Dionne speaks and understands nothing else.

The guardians of the children are determined that they must not acquire merely the local patois—that the best and purest French, like the best and purest milk, is none too good for them. In such a fine Gallic gentleman of the old school as the chairman of the board of guardians, Judge J. A. Valin, racial culture runs deep, and he is emphatic about passing it on to his five little charges.

Their first formal teachers probably will come to them in their own charming and comfortable nursery. To make it a nursery school would be a simple matter, with five little girls all the same age. While there remains the slightest danger that the children may be kidnaped—the day-and-night guard by two Provincial constables proves that the government still takes this threat seriously—Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie must receive all their instruction at home.

The guardians would like to set up a school which not only the quintuplets but their older brothers and sisters in the farmhouse across the road might attend. Alas, here the great divide opens! The two oldest Dionne children should have been going to the district's public school a year ago. Their parents are unwilling to send them. In this community lingers the old suspicious distrust of ignorance for knowledge. There is a compulsory-education law in Canada, but there is also the working hypothesis that, if parents don't want their children to go to school, school won't do them any good.

Nevertheless the Dominion possesses some of the finest convent schools in the world. Before the quins' first birthday a distinguished nursing and teaching Catholic



sisterhood was invited to send its representatives to the nursery. Although this plan proved impractical, what is not only practical but probable is that when, as, and if the children reach the age to enter a convent school they will matriculate at the best institution of the kind in Canada.

Here not only will Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie be educated not only from books but whatever gifts they may possess for music, painting, fine needlework will be cultivated. All of them have already shown musical appreciation. Little Annette, when the nurse sings, keeps time not merely with her dimpled hands but with her whole body.

Should the babies be book-minded, they may be sent from convent to college. Mary, Mona, Roberta, and Leota Key, the Oklahoma quadruplets, are now happy and successful college girls.

With the funds at the quins' disposal, assuming they all live, there will be plenty of money for riding and dancing lessons, for tennis and golf and swimming and archery, for charming clothes and simple parties.

All five are learning to eat daintily, to play with one another amiably, to be brave about swimming in the bathtub and going to sleep in the dark. Before they were a year old they had learned what some members of their sex never know—that tears or tempers are poor methods of getting one's own way. Even the four-times-a-day display of them in their nurses' arms to their admiring "public" gathered outside the nursery fence is weaning these children from social timidity.

Not sightseeing crowds alone, but great folk make the pilgrimage to remote Callander—authors and artists, scientists and statesmen. There will be many others, since the quintuplets will invite for years to come scientific and literary observation. Thus they will be afforded such contacts with distinguished individuals as come to few growing girls.

Now remember that at eighteen Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie will all be heiresses. Remember that, unless their present looks belie them, they will be beauties.

Once more the insistent question asks itself: With all their advantages, what's to become of them?

At this point the reader interested in the fate of the five—and who isn't?—may inquire why they can't go home and be happy there, like other girls, as soon as health and education need no more attention. The answer is that the home life to which they would return is a hundred years behind that of most others.

**G**IRLS born one at a time in those isolated Canadian farmhouses, scattered miles apart, come—like the Dionne babies themselves—into a world lit by a smoky kerosene lamp, warmed by a wood-burning stove with a single teakettleful of hot water. Houses are unpainted and unkempt, devoid of plumbing, partitionless to conserve warmth, the walls covered with tattered paper and frescoed with worn garments (there are no closets), the dusty floors carpetless and rugless, the rooms furnished with battered beds, tables, straight-backed wooden chairs. There are no books, no magazines, no newspapers, no radio. In the farmyard there may be a shaggy Flemish horse, a decrepit buggy, or the high two-wheeled, springless cart of the type used by Normandy ancestors of these folk; there will be no garage with a car. In the village there is no movie theater and not even street lighting.

Many are desperately poor. They own their stunted timber, dwindling fast to supply the forty or fifty cords of wood that go up in smoke each icy winter. They own their starved fields, their half-starved animals that graze through the snow. But the cash once earned has vanished with depression's shutdown of mining and lumbering.

Like the Dionnes, others are unwilling to send their children to school. Others grumble and dawdle over the work they must perform on the roads to earn their government relief. They would prefer what, in a house-to-house survey of Quintuplet Land, I decided was the favorite indoor sport—sitting by a red-hot kitchen stove doing exactly nothing. Papa Dionne may be so discov-

ered almost any day. Mama Dionne, in another chair, adds to her already superfluous poundage, having treated herself to two hired girls whom she is said to pay twenty dollars a week.

The cares of a housewife and a mother seem never to have kept her awake nights; when her famous five daughters arrived she had prepared no little garments for even one baby, and the nurses who entered the dark dingy farmhouse were driven almost distracted trying to keep bedbugs out of the incubators.

Not all *habitant* farmers are shiftless. The best of the breed have a driving energy plus a contagious gaiety. The life, nevertheless, is hard on girls and women; harsh and primitive and narrow. The huge families of from eight to eighteen children mean that the daughters of the house are soon broken to toil.

The stock is hardy, as Dr. Dafoe says; the daily existence simple and healthful in certain respects. The worst lack is the slight knowledge, especially of elementary personal hygiene. And, since Nature abhors a vacuum, greed, suspicion, avarice, surliness may flourish in these empty minds, hearts, lives.

**O**FFSETTING the future's promise of Beauty, Education, and Wealth, bad fairies may bestow the three curses of Jealousy, Publicity, and Family Hostility.

Those bits of babies are today funnily yet bodefully jealous of one another! Cécile and Emilie usually sit side by side in their high chairs to be fed at the same time by the same nurse. Unless she offers the first spoonfuls of coddled egg or porridge to Cécile, the little rascal sulks and refuses to eat as much as she should! When Yvonne, Annette, Marie are scrambling about their play pen and two nurses—having but two arms apiece—pick up two babies for a petting party, the third shrieks in jealous anger until she gets her share of the loving.

Jealousy between sisters is not unknown, yet it usually is mitigated by differences in age and taste. The quins show a striking unanimity in their desires. They all want the red trumpet or the Mickey Mouse rattle at one and the same instant—they grab and slap and pull hair to get it. Suppose the time comes when five strong-willed jealous young women want the same young man? One can only pity him!

Besides, Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie were born into limelight and will never escape it. What fate more fraught with danger for five egos than posing perpetually as a center of attraction?

Sweetly natural babies will become sweetly natural young women if wise Dr. Dafoe can possibly bring it to pass.

Can he—with the rest of the world unconsciously in league against him? Are five prima donnas here in the making? It seems a pity!

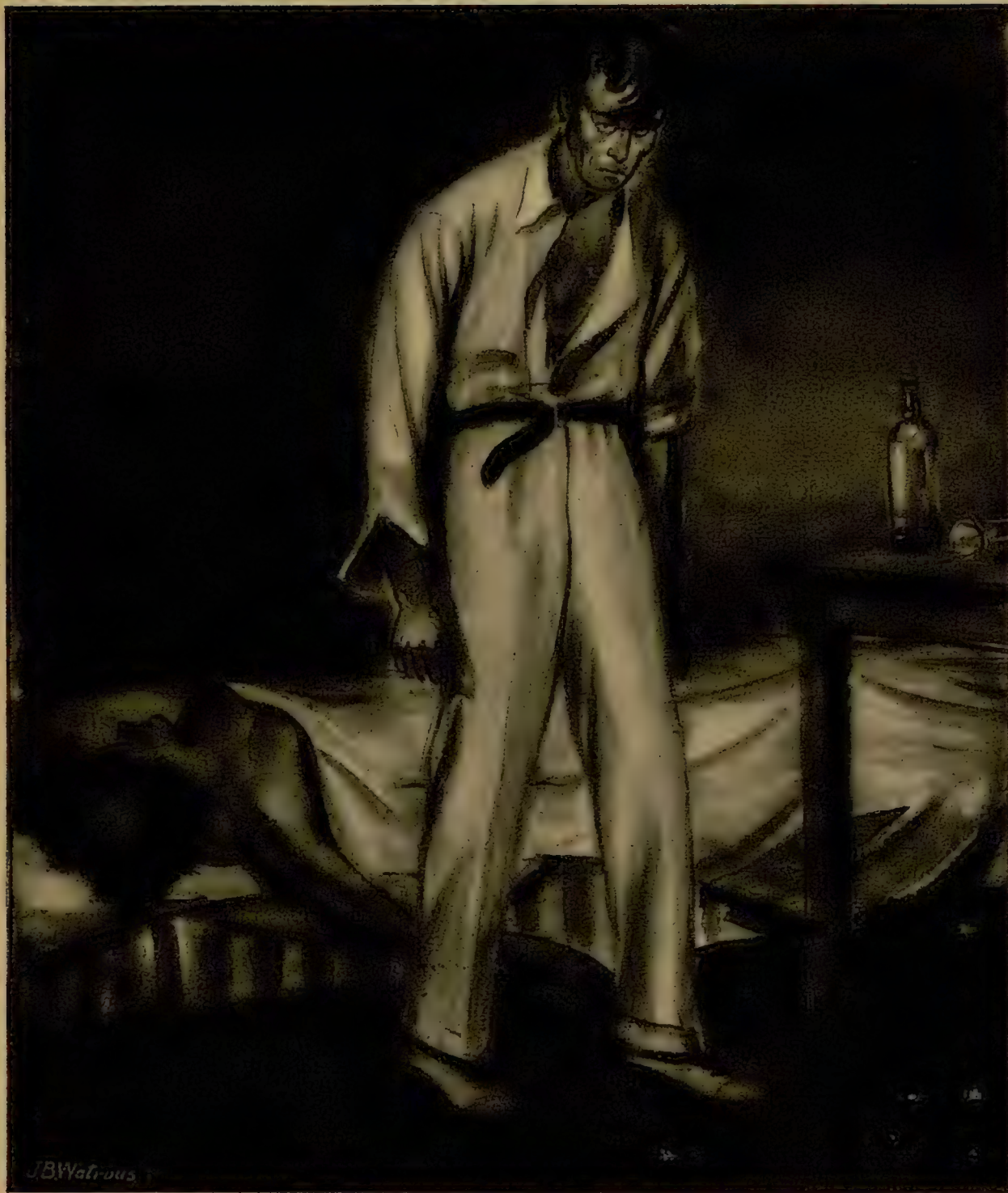
Do you remember the nursery tale of the hen who hatched ducklings? They swam away from her—they were not the same kind of bird. Between the Dionne babies and their parents, as time rolls on, no one wants this sort of thing to happen. Yet the elder Dionnes have been offered a new house, a newly stocked farm, a more than generous share in their children's good fortune. Sulkily all offers have been refused. Father and mother spend less and less time with their little girls and spurn repeated invitations to co-operate in the only kind of care that can keep the children alive.

Instead of appreciation and adaptation to what is being done, the "interference" and its representatives, the quintuplets' guardians, are resented. Too easy to foresee is the transference of resentment to the guarded, the exquisitely tended children, whom suspicious ignorance and an active inferiority complex may charge one day with "thinking themselves better than their father and mother." Family hostility—a house divided against itself! Five babies whom a world loves may live to encounter this bitterest of antagonisms.

Where will the quins go from here? What is your guess? It is as good as another's about the balance the Dionne quintuplets must finally strike between the drawbacks of their strange destiny and the favors of their miraculous fortune.

THE END





The woman was dead. His own knife was buried in her up to the hilt!

# FLOWER *of the* GODS

*by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot*

## PART TWO—THE REVENGE OF TIBET

IT was hours later when Lee Breckin-  
ridge came to.

Lee knew that it must be hours later.

For, finding himself stretched out on a couch, he looked through a broad window on a level with his eyes; saw night beyond it. Night curving its slow ebon dome above

### READING TIME

23 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

the snow-glistening Himalaya peaks—  
with Orion slanting, immense and lonely,  
in the west; and Sirius thundering its

golden brazen paean of triumph against the nagging  
of the lesser stars; and the moon coursing high and  
platinum-pale, challenging the world with the potent

IN WHICH THE RULE OF THE BUDDHA IS INVOKED IN A THRILLING  
NOVEL OF EASTERN MAGIC, WHITE PASSION, AND ANCIENT MYSTERY





summons of its eternal cosmic ritual.

Lee's head throbbed and ached. He touched it with a careful finger; felt a bandage.

He sat up; found himself still fully dressed, though with loosened collar; tried to recall what had happened.

At first his memory was hazy. Then it cleared. Oh, yes—he had had an argument with the old red-robed priest. The monks had attacked him. Well—he would have to square it all somehow.

The American smiled. His optimism was strong, his resilience typical of his native land. Maybe, he reflected, he would have to give up the Flower of the Gods. He would ask the old priest; try to talk to him about the need of the Western World for the possible narcotic properties of the wonderful blossom of purity. Anyway, he

"Do you remember? Jack Calhoun introduced you — and you asked her for a dance."

would make his peace with these strange people and start back home at once—be home in Virginia before Christmas.

Christmas with his wife and his little son! A jolly tree ablaze with lights! A good old-fashioned Virginian dinner,

complete from gumbo soup to plum pudding!

Which reminded Lee: he was hungry.

Again he grinned. No bell to call the waiter! So he rose. He tried the single door. It was locked and the window was barred.

Prisoner—was he? Well—still there could be nothing serious to worry about! Presently they would let him go—with due apologies. After all, he was an American government official, a member of the State Department.

The room was large—much larger than he had realized



BACK in 1893 Sir Hilary Watts, British resident commissioner at Siliguri, a small Indian Himalayan town, had at dinner one night Lee Breckinridge, adventurous young Virginian, and Prince Mehmet Ali, wealthy Moslem aristocrat.

That was when it started—when Sir Hilary characterized the Tibetans as a "suspicious breed" and warned Lee against entering the Forbidden Land. Mehmet Ali, the veneer of Western civilization ripped through, blazed forth against the white race and promised that some day Asia would rise and mow them down with the scimitar.

Undaunted by this display of hate and by Sir Hilary's warning, even by the terror manifested by Sir Hilary's butler, Krishna Chand, Lee persists in his determination to enter Tibet and seek the Flower of the Gods, a mysterious plant he suspects has narcotic properties, but which bears a reputation for performing miracles. The Tibetans believe it sacrilegious for the impure to touch their sacred flower.

For the first three days of the journey to Jelep Pass Lee is haunted by a feeling of fear and oppression and with memories of Peggy Ann Rivers, a boyhood sweetheart who committed suicide because of him. Enmeshed with these thoughts is a keen longing for his wife Laura and his son, born just a few weeks before. Thoughts of his baby boy lead him to recall a time two years prior when he rescued a young girl from a tribe of Borneo savages bent on making a heathenish sacrifice of her.

The fourth day Lee finds his guide has disappeared with his ponies, rifle, money, and papers. He sets out in pursuit and finds the man dying at the foot of a precipice. He had already destroyed all Lee's papers—passport, etc. Lee pursues his journey alone.

Balked by an impassable landslide, he finally discovers a tunnel, walks through it, and emerges in a small garden in which is growing the sweetly scented Flower of the Gods. He notices that while winter reigns on every side this wonderful bloom is apparently able to engender heat, so that the garden itself basks in summer weather.

About to cut a bloom and dig up the root, Lee is frantically warned back by a Tibetan priest. Disregarding the order, Lee cuts the flower, although he offers to pay for it.

"Can you buy off the gods?" demands the priest, looking at him in pity. "Come!"

Lee starts to leave with his prize, but before he has taken half a dozen steps is overpowered by a number of other priests who appear suddenly in the garden. A smashing blow on the head knocks him unconscious.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. B. WATROUS

at first—and of noble proportions. It was lit by seven great candelabra. There was little furniture, and it was simple, almost rude, monkishly ascetic.

But the walls were in violent contrast to this rigid severity. Decorated in fresco, they were a color-blazing panorama of Tibet's fables and myths—from fantastic designs that showed Rama, Sita, and Lakshmi meditating in their wilderness exile, to a representation of Bhagirathi imploring Siva to permit the River Ganges to fall to the thirsty earth from his jungle-matted locks; and scenes where the souls of blasphemers who had denied the existence of the Creator were tortured in the Tamisra, the ice-cold hell of everlasting darkness.

Incantations in color and line all utterly alien to Lee Breckinridge. And he felt like an intruder. He thought that perhaps no white man had ever set foot here before and—ominous imagining—had lived to tell the tale. He

stared up at the ancient gods, who stared down at him out of their painted terrible eyes, who seemed to mock him with their stony deathlessness—and he was conscious of a touch of the unearthly; caught his breath sharply, chokingly, as the hush of four thousand gone and mighty years enfolded him; as something seemed to pull at the roots of his life; as, momentarily, it was to him as if his own hard, practical, up-to-date American self were being dwarfed into insignificance by this crowded atmosphere of ancient grandeur, half savage and half divine, of Time unforgotten though unremembered.

A shiver ran down Lee's spine. He felt a sense, a premonition of danger—the same fear that had dogged him on his journey through the mountains.

He walked up and down the room, whistling softly, trying to brace himself.

Nothing to it! Just the tremendous musty age of this



place which oppressed him and made him jumpy. It didn't really matter.

His life rested upon a solid unshakable foundation: science, modernity, common sense. Was there a finer, more efficient trinity?

Those ogling gods up there on the wall were quite impressive, quite terrible, of course. But—what did they know about electricity or the telephone or hydraulics or abstract dynamics or even about open plumbing and plain wholesome American soap and water? Not a thing of all these real miracles did they know! And Lee chuckled at the notion—good natural American mirth that allayed his apprehension. He was still smiling when the door opened and the same old priest came in.

He bowed politely, with hands clasped across his chest, and said:

"I am the abbot of this monastery. My name is Tao."

"Glad to meet you once more—and under less hectic circumstances," was the friendly rejoinder. "I am—"

"Lee Compton Breckinridge," interrupted the other, "a native of Virginia, in the American diplomatic service. Four weeks ago your wife gave birth to a son—James Chisholm Breckinridge he was christened."

Lee was surprised, although not for long.

"You took that rabbit out of your hat in great style, Tao," he grinned. "I suppose you would not go through my pockets while I was unconscious? You didn't get a squint at my passport and the rest of my papers?"

"All your papers were stolen from you by an unfaithful servant—who tore them up and threw them away."

"Maybe he just threw them away—didn't tear them up—and some of your monks found them—"

"No."

The abbot's voice was low and—somehow Lee was sure of it—he spoke the truth. He sat down on an unbacked stool.

"Well, then," demanded the Virginian, "who told you about me?"

"Nobody."

"But—how do you know?"

"I cannot explain—to you."

"Afraid I wouldn't believe?"

"Afraid you wouldn't understand."

The Virginian smiled.

"Do I look as stupid as all that?" he inquired.

"No, no. But—reflect, my friend. Could I explain to a man born blind what color means? Could I explain—to you—what knowing means? Knowing, not through the senses but through the soul?"

"Always provided there is such a thing."

"You do not believe in a soul?" Tao took the prayer wheel from his belt and gave it a couple of twirls. "And once," he remarked casually, "I heard of a watch that

did not believe in the watchmaker—of an egg that had misgivings in the matter of the hen."

Lee laughed. The abbot, he admitted, meant to be witty.

"What do you believe in?" the other went on.

"The brain."

"Nothing else?"

"Well, of course, the brain's concomitants—such as energy and intelligence—"

"And efficiency—and scientific inquiry—and the rest of the Western shibboleths?"

"Shibboleths?"

"From your own holy books—another word for superstitions, sahib."

Lee nodded amiably. He wanted to get away from this place—with the Flower of the Gods, if possible—and so he said:

"I suppose it's a viewpoint. You think I am superstitious, and I think you are. But—to get back to more practical matters—I'd like to leave here pretty early tomorrow morning. Can you let me have a horse?"

Tao had listened quietly, his head sunk on his chest. Now he looked up.

"You are not leaving here tomorrow," he said.

"Oh?"

"Nor the day after. Not for many a day. There must be punishment."

"Because I fought with your monks? Why—I only acted in self-defense."

"And yet—you are not leaving here—"

"Now listen!" exclaimed Lee. "Maybe I was wrong, but I meant no harm. Really! And"—flaring up a little—"after all, the British, including a brigade of troops, aren't so very far away!"

"Seventy-seven eternities away. The Buddha rules here, not Queen Victoria."

"All the same, you've got no right to keep me here against my will!"

The priest did not answer for quite a while.

He sat there, stiffly erect, twirling his prayer wheel. Very old he seemed to Lee. Not old, precisely, in span of years. Old, rather, as nature itself is old, as the mountains are old, and the rivers and the hiving of distant stars. Old beyond the comprehension of man's arithmetical reckoning—and unearthly.

Unearthly, too, his words when at last he spoke:

"The gods are amused, sahib. The gods are shaking with silent laughter."

Lee fumbled for a packet of cigarettes; did not find them.

"My friend," Tao continued—and the threat was grim and obvious—"have you ever heard of the little, little rabbit that attempted to push away the bull elephant with the strength of its tail?"

He stared at Lee out of his hooded purple-black eyes; and the latter realized how helpless he was.

## FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

If you have Cinderella feet, play along with Mlle. Alex who is putting out cloth buskins like Shakespearean actors wear. They are heelless and made of silver cloth or velvet, and she insets them with pearls and sapphires in circles.

But if you wear more than a size three, you'd better stick to gold kid with window fronts and diamond heels such as Lady Abdy wears.

Either way, keep your stockings the sheerest possible, or, better yet, wear those with a lace stripe that shows through your slit skirt, or those made of the fascinating new nets.

DORAMILLER.





Oh, yes—Sir Hilary would come to the rescue. Only—how was he going to communicate with the Englishman and let him know the fix he was in?

It would be best to placate the old fellow—but hell, what else had he been doing right along? Tao was certainly proving difficult!

So Lee suggested:

"What about a thousand rupees—as a gift to your monastery?"

"There is no price to be paid. Neither in gold nor in remorse. Not for striking our monks. That injury has already been forgiven."

Lee was both relieved and surprised.

"Well, then," he demanded, "why all this talk of punishment?"

"There is another matter. A matter most grave, not to be lightly forgiven. The crime against the Flower of the Gods."

"A crime to pick a flower? Why—a crime against whom?"

"Against yourself."

"I forgive myself."

"But the gods do not."

"Oh"— impatiently — "your gods—"

"Not *my* gods. Yours too."

"Maybe." Lee frowned. His head ached. He was tired and hungry and nervous. "I don't care for theological discussions on an empty stomach. All I want is a bite to eat—and permission to leave here as soon as possible."

"SAHIB," interrupted the other, "I warn you! You have touched the Flower of the Gods—you who are not pure in heart and thought and deed. A score against you that must be evened! So"—his voice boomed deep and ominous—"do not transgress still farther, lest the gods inflict too harsh a punishment!"

Momentarily Lee was silent. He was conscious once more of a vague sensation of uneasiness. He must master it, he told himself—must ask wire-drawn, orderly, prosaic reason to come to his rescue; and so he laughed indulgently and demanded:

"Omnipotent!—your gods?"

"Omnipotent! All-seeing! All-knowing! All-wise!"

"All right." Again Lee laughed. "Look here! I'll make you a sporting proposition. Prove to me how all-knowing your gods are! Have them put you wise to one thing about me—one single thing—which nobody can know except myself. And if they succeed I'll submit to whatever punishment you can think of. But if they fail you let me go free tomorrow morning—with a bulb or two of the Flower of the Gods." His uneasiness had left him. He was now supremely self-confident. "It is a bargain?"

And then the priest spoke three words: "Peggy Ann Rivers."

Lee stared at the Tibetan. His skepticism reeled. He wanted to shout his incredulity, his terror. But his breath failed. Then, when finally he found his voice, it was thin, with an undernote of pain:

"You—you *know*?"



"WHY DON'T I FEEL BETTER AFTER TAKING THAT LAXATIVE?"

THEN SHE LEARNED *Laxative Action* IS NOT ENOUGH  
... *Acidity* MUST ALSO BE CORRECTED!



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Within a short time after taking Sal Hepatica, you get *real relief* from the disagreeable effects of constipation: headaches, listlessness, poor appetite, etc. You cannot expect these same wonderful results from ordinary laxatives. For while the usual laxative does cleanse your system, it is not designed to correct acidity.

← HOW SAL HEPATICA DOES BOTH

At the first sign of constipation take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Quickly the *alkaline action* of this unique mineral salt laxative starts to combat the acid condition that accompanies your constipation. At the same time it gently, thoroughly cleanses your system of wastes and poisons.



**Constipation is accompanied by Acidity. Here is the scientific reason why Sal Hepatica, unlike ordinary laxatives, gives real relief from its effects.**

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"Do not the gods know everything—the written as well as the unwritten, the past as well as the future?"

And the priest went on to repeat this thing, so blazing with rich passion in the beginning and with so tragic an outcome, of which neither Lee nor Peggy had ever whispered to a living soul. Forgotten it was, hidden away from all the world.

From all the world?

"Not hidden from me!" said Tao—and he began speaking of it in calm and precise language. He might have witnessed the whole inexorable chain of events from start to finish—not only physically, observing it from the outside looking in, but also spiritually, emotionally, as if at the time of the happening his soul had been an intrinsic and inwrought part of Lee's soul.

"At the Poe Society you met her," intoned the priest. "It was at a dance—so many years ago—when you were still a student at the University of Virginia. Do you remember? Do you remember how eager you were to taste life to the fullest? Just before your nineteenth birthday when you met Peggy—red-haired Peggy—and how swiftly desire came to you!"

THE very tunes Tao mentioned which the orchestra had played: On a Bicycle Built for Two, and After the Ball Was Over, and Take a Trip Up the Hudson and Down the Bay. The very song he knew which the boys of the Glee Club had sung impromptu—the swaggering, roistering, rollicking song of the Richmond Militia:

Take me to dat happy land  
Where de river of booze is found.  
Sloe-gin rickeys floatin' in de air  
And highballs rollin' on de ground!  
Dry Martinis bloomin' on de bush,  
Mint juleps growin' all around,  
Cocktails hangin' on de weepin'-willow trees  
And highballs rollin' on de ground.

The laughter he pictured—the gayety; the easy Virginian manners and charm. The dress he described that Peggy Rivers had worn:

"Of white organdy—do you remember?—with mauve and primrose ribbons. And Jack Calhoun introduced you to her—and you asked her for a dance—and you whirled away across the waxed floor."

To be sure! thought Lee. They had danced. They had not spoken much. Then suddenly he had said to her:

"Miss Peggy—tell me—what makes your hair smell so sweet?"  
"How sweet?"

"Like rain on new-mown hay."  
"I declare you talk like a poet!"  
"Sort of hard *not* to talk like a poet—with you so near!"

"Aren't you the flatterin'est man!"  
They had sat out the next dance. He had said:

"I've never met anybody like you."  
"I reckon you haven't. I'm not twins."

"That's good. Would be embar-

assing to fall in love with twins."

"You fall in love—quick?"

"Mighty quick—with *you*, honey! Just like greased lightning!"

"The music's starting up—"

"It's so hot in here. Shall we go out?"

So they had left the hall and the university campus. They had gone for a stroll in the deep hushed garden in back of the old Dolly Varden Hotel—heavy with the scent of honeysuckle and jessamine and nicotiana. He had been silent; and she had whispered:

"What are you thinking of?"

"Of you!"

"Nice thoughts? Please—I want to know."

For a minute or two Lee had not replied. Then suddenly he had exclaimed:

"I don't suppose you'll ever forgive me. But—you see—I—I long for you—madly! I—oh—no use telling you. You wouldn't understand."

"Are you sure I wouldn't?" she had murmured.

Their hands had met and clasped. They had kissed—and he had wondered, with a queer shock, why was a woman's mouth so soft, so vibrant? And desire had flashed through him like a dark elemental tide. Romance had spread her golden wings.

Romance—that was what he had thought at the time. That was what he was thinking now.

Romance . . .

And then the old Tibetan priest's words cut like a knife through his reflections:

"No! Not romance! For romance is the decency of life. It is the protest against all that is ugly and mean and sordid. It is the seriousness of life—more serious than death. And to you it meant no more than a cheap physical emotion, an appetite of the senses. It meant the eagerness to sip whatever was likely to taste sugary or spiced; to kiss, beneath the moon, a face that was young and lovely, and to thrill to the touch of white generous arms."

A PAUSE. He went on:

"And Peggy was generous. So generous! Giving you everything. Giving herself. Loving you to the full; the gall-bitter dregs of the full. Nor—this generous, generous girl—did she ever blame you. Not even at the last—when she wrote you that note."

And the priest quoted it:

"Darling:

"I don't wish to be any trouble to you. I love you too much for that. Therefore I've decided to—"

Lee listened. He turned pale.

"Suicide," had been the coroner's verdict.

"A stain upon your conscience!" came the priest's even, chilly words.

Lee did not reply. He stared in front of him.

Why, he thought, he had meant to marry Peggy! Of course he had! He had known that in their small, tight, rather self-righteous community,



where a woman's chastity was raised up to a pedestal nearly as high as God's, a child born out of wedlock was the one unforgivable sin.

Oh, yes; he had meant to marry her. Only—he had waited. He had been a poor boy, working his way through college—the family had lost everything in the war except their fine old house and their proud heritage, and only now were they slowly coming back into their own. And then there had been his parents—chiefly his mother—so old-fashioned and strait-laced. He would have had to take them into his confidence; had been afraid to do so; had put it off from day to day; had put it off too long—until Peggy had killed herself.

And now it was all over. Nobody knew about it except himself.

"And the gods," Tao interrupted Lee's thoughts, reading them—it seemed—like an open book. "The gods know the full tale—the mean stark tale of your cowardice."

THE last word flicked Lee on the raw.

"No!" he expostulated. "Not cowardice! I meant to marry her!"

"Meant to? And what of that? Only facts count in life. Facts—and feeling."

"I felt it—deeply!"

"But you forgot—at once! For—tell me the truth—as soon as your first flush of grief was past, were you not conscious of a feeling of relief?"

Lee shuddered.

"Relief," he whispered — "at what?"

"You know what I mean!" thundered the priest.

"No, no"—in the same flat whisper—"I don't."

"You do! Deep in your heart you do! And so, tell me—tell me!"

And, when Lee was silent, Tao continued:

"Then I shall tell you. Relief because you imagined that thus, in Peggy's death, the chapter was ended, that nobody would ever know. And it is this—this stark hard crimson cruel wickedness—which stands between you and the gods. Such meanness of spirit is harder to forgive than the murder of the mother and her unborn child. For murder it was—though you killed with your cowardly mind instead of with your cowardly hands."

He stared at Lee. He went on:

"Two crimes. And murder the lesser of the two. And I wonder what the judgment of the blessed gods will be—how they will purge your soul. I wonder, my brother—and I fear!"

Lee, these last few moments, had been prey to a sensation of paralyzing dread. Now, suddenly, his sense of dread passed into a mad blinding rage against this priest who had told him not a lie but a truth. A truth which he had been trying so desperately to forget. A truth which this other had dugged out of its grave, had caused to live again. And by what right? Oh, by what right? What business was it of his?



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"No!" he exclaimed. "It's no business of yours! You've no right to interfere with my life! No right at all!"

An intense hatred blazed up in his heart. He leaped forward. He smote his open palm against the other's cheek.

Then there was silence. And out of the silence, in even passionless accents, came the Tibetan's words:

"It is a terrible thing to strike one whom the gods have appointed—"

A terrible thing—

Lee Breckinridge fell back, panting and ashamed.

In the next fraction of a second, with awful swiftness, something like a huge black shutter dropped across Lee's mind. And even as it dropped he became aware, with his last conscious reaction, of a queer phenomenon.

For it seemed to him that this—all this which was happening—was happening not to him but to somebody else.

And he watched. He watched an enormous golden hand reaching out of the purple night through the window and moving slowly, inexorably toward this man, this somebody called Lee Breckinridge who, curiously, had once been himself. He watched the hand—the hand without a body—take hold of Lee Breckinridge and tear open his breast and rip out his soul. A gnarled crimson soul it was, streaked with gray and blotched with black. He watched the hand toss the soul away as if it were dross. He watched the soul tumbling through space with fantastic and terrible speed.

And presently sounds at first dim, blurred, wiped over, then becoming more distinct. Drifting discordantly through a tight-shuttered window of a small room—a room in an evil dive where everything was for sale, including the owner, the owner's third-rate gin and fourth-rate opium, the owner's two wives and seven daughters.

**S**HADOWS coiling in this room; sardonic shadows of cloying vice and acrid sin. A couch in the corner. A man stretched out. A white man, unshaven, unwashed. Himself! Lee Breckinridge. Hearing the street noises in his sleep. Sitting up suddenly as, directly below the window, a ragged Moslem beggar shrilled:

"Alms, O true believers! My fate is in Allah's hands! Alms, O true believers!"

The man on the couch rose. He went stumbling toward the window. He looked through a chink in the shutter; then gave an exclamation of amazement.

For a street was down there—a street thronged with people that were an ethnographical chart of all India's and half Asia's picaresque and motley races, elbowing each other in the blue sticky slime of the gutters. Babus from Bengal, black and oily and ungainly; fur-capped Persians; bearded Rajputs, wide-shouldered, wide-stepping; and there and there

an Englishman, red-coated soldier or white-coated civilian, impatiently shouldering his way through the mob.

All this the man saw, and he rubbed his bleary eyes—did not believe their testimony.

This street, he told himself—it looked like Calcutta. And how could that be so? Why, he was a couple of thousand miles away from Calcutta, in the north, in Tibet: a prisoner in a Buddhist monastery because—yes—because of the Flower of the Gods. And he had had a row with Tao, the old priest; had struck him in the face—and he reflected:

"Shouldn't have done it. I reckon it's up to me to apologize as soon as I'm awake."

**B**UT—he *was* awake. This street was real. The people were real. And over there, looming up on the western horizon, that square granite bulk—it was the Bengal Club. He knew it. He had dined there a few weeks ago with some British acquaintances.

His mind was in a whirl. He thought:

"I must co-ordinate my thoughts. Let me see! Last night I was in Tibet. No doubt! I struck the priest; and he said—something about the gods."

Oh, how his head ached! And the taste in his mouth—like the rankest kind of moonshine whisky.

Water—that's what he needed. About a gallon of cold water. And he noticed, in the half-light, a low table with a bottle and two glasses. He turned away from the window. His elbow caught the shutter and sent it shooting up.

The rays of the sun stabbed in—brought into sharp relief the couch where he had slept.

Somebody on the couch—

Who? He stepped up.

A woman. A painted half-caste woman, naked to the waist. What was she doing here?

He looked at her more closely.

The sheets were covered with darkening blood. The woman was dead. A knife—his own knife—was buried in her left breast up to the hilt!

His mouth felt dry. His eyes bulged and smarted. Stark terror led his brain to the point where numbness succeeds upon excess of fear as, from beyond the door, feet came; as feet slurred to a stop; as there was a sibilant tettered confusion of Hindustani voices accentuated by clipped metallic English words of command; as a heavy fist pounded on the door; as a rough shout came:

"Open! Hey, there! Open in the name of the law! In the name of the Queen-Empress's Majesty—"

Lee stared at the door.

Crash! bang! crash!—the heavy fist pounding.

"Open!" the rough, impatient shout. "Hurry up! Open!"

Hide. He must hide. But—where?

He looked. No place. No place at all.



Too—he thought—why should he hide? Why—he had done nothing.

A grating tearing sound as a bayonet was forced into the jamb.

"Open!"—the angry authoritative voice. "In the name of the law! In the name of the Queen-Empress's Majesty!"

Crash! The door creaked protestingly. It splintered; gave; gaped wide open.

A sweep of dark bearded turbaned faces on the threshold. Black holes of rifle barrels leveled in a straight threatening line. Scarlet uniforms. Indian military

police—the kind on patrol duty in Calcutta's toughest districts—with a big English captain in command.

He advanced. "You're under arrest!" he announced.

"I"—Lee stammered—"under arrest? What for?"

"Murder!"

*From Tibet to Calcutta; from carefree adventurer to murderer! Have Tao's gods made Lee Breckinridge their victim? How came he where he is—and what he is? And where will fate lead him next? Read next week's Liberty for further thrills in this enthralling tale of Eastern magic.*

## GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★★★★ **MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND AND THE ISLES** by Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press.

The same great gift of storytelling manifest in Marie Antoinette is now turned to Mary, Queen of Scots—not quite so fortunately but nevertheless superbly.

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A good yarn of the hard-boiled school. Reminiscent of Hammett et alius. The main difference being that instead of a hard-boiled he-man, the main character is a hard-boiled she-woman; doubtless the most unattractive female since the Greeks wrote *Elektra*.

## A STAR TO ALL BUT HIM, UNTIL..

### AFTER THE SHOW



### WHAT SHE HEARD



OF ALL THE LIES!.. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN SO CAREFUL TO AVOID BAD BREATH... STILL, WHAT DID HE MEAN ABOUT ME SEEING MY DENTIST?



### SO SHE DECIDED TO FIND OUT—

YES, MY DEAR, MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH—TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE OF ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM.

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# LIBERTY'S FLYING at ETHIOPI

If and When War Comes in Africa,  
of Modern Aviation's First Real Test  
Firsthand Reports to the



READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse first threatened to thunder over Ethiopia, Liberty made its plans to "keep abreast or ahead of the news"—as Vox Poppers aptly put it.

Last month a daredevil young adventurer arrived at Addis Ababa, chief city of this ancient, coveted land. His name, Kenneth Brown Collings; war bird and ace pilot.

It was he who first lived, then wrote, that memorable fact-serial of warfare in two hemispheres, *I Flew for the Hell of It*. Readers of Liberty avidly followed its thrilling incidents last May.

And it is Ken Collings who is on the new war front for Liberty to supply impartial firsthand accounts and close-up action photographs. All that Ken Collings forwards will be exclusively for the readers of Liberty.

As this is being written, he cables:

"The most vital military argument in world history revolves around the exact value of the airplane as a weapon. I feel the American people should have the answer to that question if an adequate national defense is to be planned.

"In Ethiopia I expect to witness a major power putting

a modern air force to its first real test. Every world military expert is guessing on the subject of what air power can accomplish and what value attaches to military aviation. Not one of them *knows*!

"Some light might have been shed by the Japanese operations in Manchuria and at Shanghai. Very little was. The Japs are not top aviators; they can't hold a candle to Mussolini's aces. Perhaps the Japanese general staff knew the former. Professional jealousy on the part of non-flying generals—we have such would-be obstacles in our own services—may have held them in restraint.

"In any event, I propose to find the answer in Abyssinia.

"The object of war is not to defeat the enemy army. It is to impose your will on the population of the enemy's country. In the past, his army (the enemy's) was an obstacle that blocked the path leading to his vital areas. You had to beat his army to invade his country.

"When you had done that, usually his population surrendered without awaiting actual invasion and occupation, with its inevitable loss of civilian life and destruction of civil property.

"The airplane has made changes in that picture. An air force can jump right over the defending army. It can, theoretically,

start to work on the *population* of the defending country without delay.

"The results of this are one of the many doubts. Every one knows that a bombing airplane can drop bombs—or gas—and do damage. Some believe that enough airplanes can drop enough bombs to destroy the morale of an entire people, and win a war before the two armies meet in actual battle. Some don't. The experts would give their right arms to find out.

"The outstanding postwar development in battle tactics is 'attack aviation.' No one is sure about what that can accomplish. 'Attack' is the modern development of the 'ground strafing' which started at the tail-end of the Great War.

"Some claim that whole battles will be won by attack units; that at modern speeds and with present-day armaments, attack planes *flying along the ground* can ruin the enemy. These adherents claim that planes so used can wipe out the enemy's marching troops before the front is reached; can sweep the lines of communication; and be speedily out of range without suffering serious losses.

"Others maintain these low-flying planes will be duck



# CORRESPONDENT AN FRONT

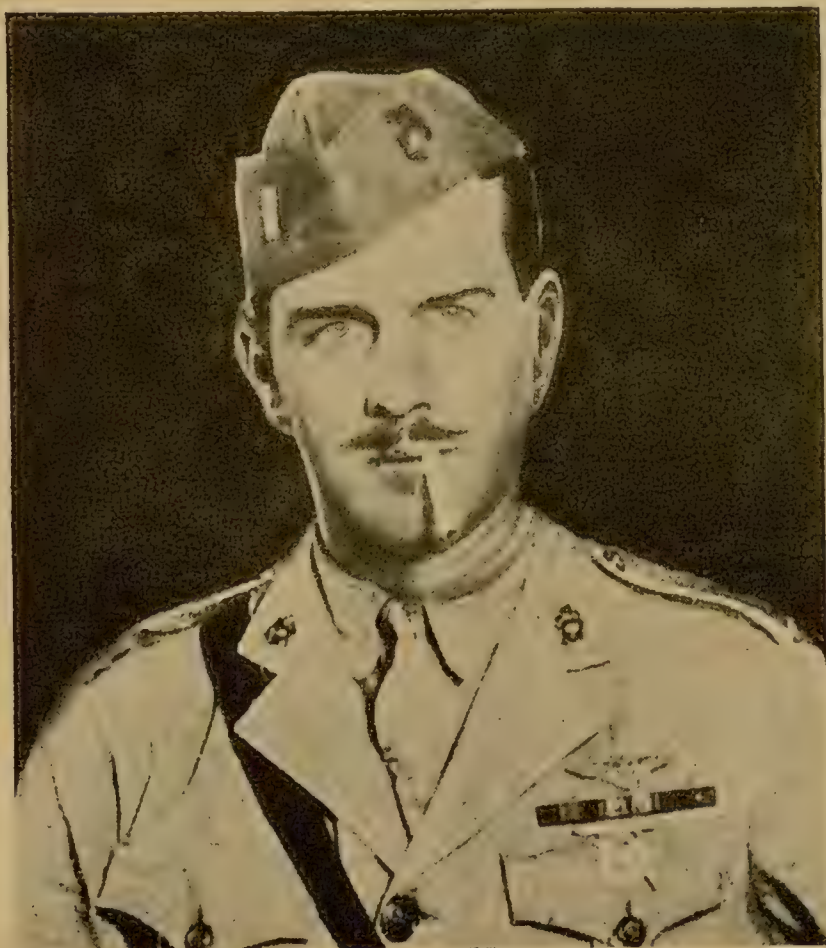
Ken Collings Is There to Tell the Story  
of Power in Exclusive Pictures and  
Readers of This Magazine

soup for defensive machine gunners. I personally practiced the tactics of attack aviation during an entire recent training period as a reserve officer, and I can't even hazard a guess as to which theory is correct. Here in Ethiopia I intend to find the answer."

Admittedly, it is a departure for an American weekly to utilize an aviation expert as a war correspondent. Perhaps it is a departure for a magazine to demand firsthand uncolored and uncensored dispatches for its readers. It should be understood, however, that there is no precedent for Liberty's editorial policy. Liberty strives to be in the front rank wherever history is in the making—not by proxy, not on a share-the-news basis; but through active, qualified, personal representation.

Thanks to Ken Collings you may expect a new, 1935-model variety of war reporting.

Collings was born of American stock



at Lincoln, Nebraska, September 22, 1897. In his own words:

"Have been kicking around the world, earning my way, since I was sixteen. Tickled the ivories in early movie houses. Sorted mail in the U. S. Senate Post Office on the night shift.

"Summertimes I surveyed in the Rockies for the U. S. Land Office, and did more surveying all through the South for the Southern Railway. Sherman was a piker; my job took me from Chattanooga to the sea, then back to Birmingham, and then to Mobile and New Orleans.

Kenneth Brown Collings — ace air pilot, war bird of the "Flying Marines," adventurer, author—is now in Ethiopia for Liberty.

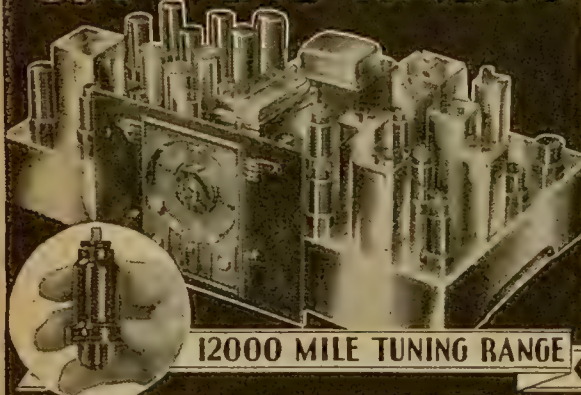
"At seventeen, worked as a steward on a banana boat making Central American ports. About that time Lee Christmas was at the height of his



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power, and there was plenty doing. "Harvested wheat all over the West. Picked apples. Hoboed across the country three times between jobs before I was eighteen.

"Soldiered on the Mex border for a year before the Big Fuss broke out. Then I took a competitive exam (with about 1,500 others; having the good fortune to emerge No. 8 on the list), and thus became a looney in the Marines."

Then it was that Lieutenant Collings's adventurous career got going in high gear—as those who read *I Flew for the Hell of It* know.

Now tall adventure again calls from a strange and perilous land.

From random jottings in Ken Collings's notebook, consider some of the preparations necessary for such an expedition into Ethiopia:

"Purchase tent . . . Have firearms and ammo, but need second-hand shotgun . . . Gotta carry firearms to eat—only meat available some parts what one kills . . . French embargo on arms, passing through Djibouti—cable French Ministry of War for correspondent's exception . . . Cameras in good shape . . . Get plenty films

"Snake-bite serum—\$20 . . . Vaccination from navy . . . Also need typhoid-fever shots—three at weekly

intervals . . . Get cot and mosquito net . . . Own bedding, but need bedding roll . . . Get tablets to disinfect water . . . Medical supplies . . . trade gifts . . . etc."

Thus *Liberty* covers the new war front.

Those who read this magazine week in and week out will appreciate that this is not an isolated example of *Liberty* enterprise. Wherever important news is in the making, similar steps are taken.

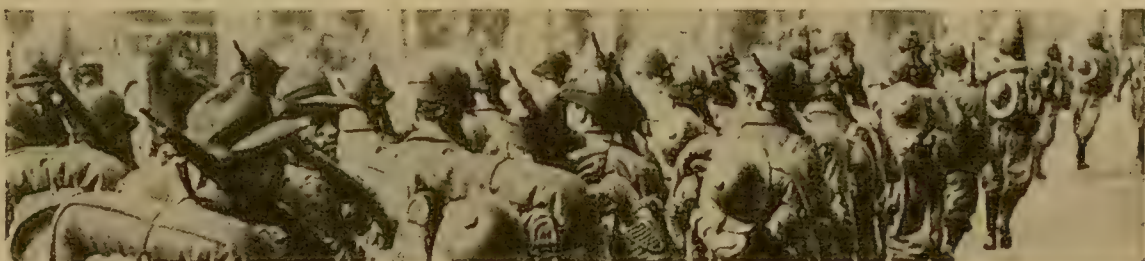
That is why *Liberty* has unquestioned right to the claim that more "scoops" are scored by it than by all other magazines put together; that is why *Liberty* is so frequently "ahead of the news."

Of course, more features are planned than ever appear in print; only when the resulting material is significant and revealing does it reach *Liberty* readers.

So look for these exclusive dispatches from the portable typewriter of Collings in Ethiopia. If they're "significant and revealing"—and it seems certain they must be—you'll see them in early issues of *Liberty*—providing Collings lives to tell his tales . . .

It's that kind of assignment; Collings is that kind of correspondent.

—THE EDITOR.



## TWENTY QUESTIONS

*Liberty* will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What famous American of today is shown in the accompanying boyhood photograph?
- 2—Who is the Bacchus of beer?
- 3—Was a projectile ever called after a prizefighter?
- 4—What army commander who had seen service in a war against the British was featured at a World's Fair in America?



- 11—What medicine in use today got its name from a silver-voiced orator.
- 12—Is the "Bounding Basque" a circus acrobat, a celebrated hurdle jumper or a variety of mountain sheep?
- 13—Why should "to show the white feather" mean to display cowardice?
- 14—When and where in the United States was there a riot caused by antagonism against the medical profession?

- 5—Which member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet holds the same office that his father held under President Harding?
- 6—Where did David Wark Griffith attempt to establish a Hollywood in the East?
- 7—Among animals and birds, is the male ever notably smaller than the female?
- 8—What President of the United States once visited a treasure island during his term of office?
- 9—What modern language most closely resembles ancient Latin?
- 10—From what address in New York City were radio programs broadcast in 1916?

- 15—What European monarch succeeded his own son on the throne?
- 16—What motion-picture star was famous in serial pictures twenty years ago?
- 17—What was the origin of the saying "Not worth a rap"?
- 18—What was the name of the present Pope before he was elevated to the Pontificate?
- 19—What schoolteacher abandoned teaching at forty-five to become the greatest mountain climber in the world?
- 20—Who is Louis Barrow?



(Answers will be found on page 38)



# TEARS, TUNES, and THUGS

The Tragic Life of Stephen Foster Makes a Touching Picture; Irving Berlin and Fred Astaire Combine in a Better than Usual Song-and-Dance Offering, and the G-Men Appear Again in Another New Film

by BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary  
3 stars—Excellent  
2 stars—Good  
1 star—Poor  
0 star—Very Poor

READING TIME  
16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

## ★ ★ ★ HARMONY LANE

THE PLAYERS: Evelyn Venable, Douglass Montgomery, Adrienne Ames, Joseph Cawthorn, William Frawley, Lloyd Hughes, David Torrence, Cora Sue Collins, James Bush, Florence Roberts, Clarence Muse. Directed by Joseph Santley. Story by Milton Krims.



Adrienne Ames and Douglass Montgomery in a scene from Harmony Lane.

**H**ARMONY LANE is a lachrymose affair based on the melancholy life of Stephen Collins Foster, the nineteenth-century melody maker. The tragic career of this maladjusted man who gave America some of its most beloved songs makes for gently touching movie fare. And little Mascot studios, in its adroit adaptation of his sad story, conclusively shows that a film musical need not always be lavish nor spectacular to be successful.

During a life harassed with emotional and financial misfortune, Foster composed Oh, Susanna, My Old Kentucky Home, The Old Folks at Home, Old Black Joe, and so many other hits that he was the most popular artist of his day. If not the genius which Harmony Lane proposes, Foster was certainly America's foremost fashioner of homely tunes hardy enough to live almost a hundred years after their creation.

Douglass Montgomery, as Foster, gives up song writing to take a clerical position in order to marry Susan Pentland (Evelyn Venable). Unsited to office work, Foster flounders through the motions, then gives it up entirely when his fiancée marries a more financially secure rival. Jane McDowell (Adrienne Ames) catches the broken-hearted composer on the rebound and, though his melodies mean nothing to her, nags him into producing an almost endless string of songs to pay an endless string of bills. When, as was inevitable, the marriage fails, Foster goes to New York to become a song hack for minstrels.

Highly successful and prolific for a time, Foster's talent finally goes, leaving him a broken drunkard. This simple tragedy is told with fitting simplicity. Though

is sympathetic and restrained, and the supporting cast, headed by William Frawley and Joseph Cawthorn, is completely competent. All in all, Harmony Lane is a touching little picture to supply a pleasantly tearful evening.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Stephen Collins Foster was born on July 4, 1826, in the snow-white environs of Pittsburgh. Of Scotch-Irish middle-class descent, spent two years at Athens Academy, then a few restless months at Jefferson College. Later bookkept in Cincinnati, and but for a few short years, from 1860 to January 13, '64, when he lived in New York, where he died of an accident, he spent most of his life in Pittsburgh. Showed musical signs at six; in 1840 composed Tioga Waltz for ensemble of flutes; in 1842, Open Thy Lattice, Love. Sterile soil of Pittsburgh and parental naïveté kept him from ever seriously studying composition, which might or might not have ruined him for simple composition, his genius. Invented no new type of song but fell naturally into current vogue for ballads and for Ethiopian song, as the Negro song was then called. Added a few absurdities of the Jump Jim Crow and Zip Coon type of song in which Negro was caricatured, but was first to make Negro into a human being with The Old Folks at Home. By 1852, his vogue coming up strong, "concluded to pursue the Ethiopian business without fear or shame and to establish myself as the best Ethiopian song writer." Went into song-writing business in 1850. His melodies were plugged mostly by E. P. Christy's Negro Minstrel Show, and about 1860 decided to write 'em in song-factory methods. Wrote forty-odd songs in 1863, mostly potboilers. In lifetime wrote 175 songs. After 1860, although his work brought substantial royalties, began selling songs outright for a few dollars. Picture infers he died a suicide, Hollywood feeling a man's life isn't always enough. . . . Nobody knows how to pronounce the last s in Douglass Montgomery, except it's something like the second x in Jimmy Foxx. Montgomery owns largest dog among Hollywood actors: an Irish wolfhound. . . . Adrienne Ames, who surprised us all with her sudden decision to unclasp from Bruce Cabot, still dashes places with him and her first ex, Stephen Ames (Mr. Raquel Torres). . . . Evelyn (Vegetables) Venable, who specified it in a contract never to be kissed by a gent on the screen, gets kissed in this one. Evelyn's still married to her cameraman husband, Hal Mohr. . . . Picture technically a dressed-up quickie, comparing in its \$300,000 cost to a million-dollar major studio produx. Undoubtedly the limited amount of money spent on it makes it a good picture, whereas the other \$700,000 would have overdone it to an enormous tasteless crisp, sometimes called a big bore. . . . Screenplaywright Elizabeth Meehan is a lusty hefty ex-Ziegfeld gal who wasn't glorified out of reason and so became a writer. Liz believes in advertising her wares and hopes to become a big money



# Who said it's hot?

Maybe the thermometer. But not those two under the old tree—loafing away the afternoon with Spuds. For Spuds are the cigarettes that took the heat wave out of smoking—and *brought out the real, unspoiled flavor of mellow tobacco*. Try them on a hot day, when you're smoking out-of-doors. You'll want to write a new definition for "refreshing."



CORK TIP or PLAIN

**SPUD**  
MENTHOL-COOLED  
CIGARETTES

**15<sup>c</sup>** FOR 20  
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

writer like Frances Marion, who knocks off \$30,000 a script, and Bess Meredyth, who pockets \$2,500 a week. . . . Director Joseph Santley's still as heartwrecked-looking as in the days he used to shipwreck the gals in musicalities. . . . Producer Nat (Little Man) Levine some day hopes to become a pair of Cohn Bros. who pulled Columbia Pictures up from Poverty Row. Still works with a chisel.

## ★ ★ ★ TOP HAT

**THE PLAYERS:** Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edward Everett Horton, Helen Broderick, Erik Rhodes, Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Story by Dwight Taylor.

**T**OP HAT is easily one of the superior musicals of the season. It is full of a lithe grace. It has a load of Irving Berlin songs that you'll soon be hearing everywhere. It has lovely sets, Ginger Rogers's beauty, and, of course, the matchless dancing of Fred Astaire. Yet, coming as it does after *The Gay Divorcee* and *Roberta*, the picture is mildly disappointing.

Top Hat is built upon a plot that is frail even for musical comedies. It is one of those mistaken-identity things in which the lovely Ginger Rogers goes about thinking that Mr. Astaire is married and he never quite gets around to informing her that he isn't. Helen Broderick, late of the New York reviews, and Edward Everett Horton cavort through the thin story, which is laid in a lavishly mounted version of the Riviera. Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes, the comedians who scored so heavily in *The Gay Divorcee*, are in the picture too. Blore plays Horton's extremely handy handy man, and Rhodes is the mild menace.

The paramount thing, though, in any Astaire picture is still Astaire. This nimble gentleman, who in two films made himself the brightest of the new stars, is still Hollywood's surest purveyor of rhythmic entertainment.

The film is handsomely treated throughout, suavely presented, and even though it isn't quite all that we have learned to expect from Mr. Astaire, there will be few better song-and-dance offerings this year.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** Just a few years ago Fred (Gargoyle) Astaire, absolute top in the musicomedie world, couldn't be given away to a Hollywood studio. Today his four major pictures have grossed the amazing total of about \$9,000,000, practically a major personal triumph. Hollywood producers feel that the boy may yet make good. In fact Hollywood feels Hollywood put Fred over! For his services Fred gets about \$3,000 a week; wears a toupee where it's thin on top, sir; dislikes publicity; has a Social Registered wife, Phyllis Potter. They claim he goes about ritzing everybody, and Mrs. Astaire in turn ritzes him. Real name's Austerlitz and he's an Omahahaer. The Piccolino took 160 hours of creating and rehearsal, which is one reason Fred Astaire never diets. Ambition is to write a hit tune and become an actor. Astaire is vacationing in L. I., waiting Follow the Fleet, his nextie. . . . Picture cost: about \$750,000; \$70,000 being spent in recreating the Grand Canal on Gower Street, Hollywood: 48 days shooting schedule faithfully held to. . . . Tinpanum King Irving Berlin got \$75,000 for songs in picture. Brought ten songs to Hollywood with him in his trunks; discarded most of them. Wrote fourteen tinkles in all, out of which six remain. Wrote Cheek to Cheek from tip to toe in one night; three weeks in polishing and fussing, as he puts it, with it. Prefers to work in his pajamas and bedroom slippers. Was born Israel Baline, and brought here when four. In 1907 wrote first song, Marie from Sunny Italy. Wasn't much in success line. By 1911 *My Wife's Gone to the Country* and Alexander's Ragtime Band put him over. Latter remains his favorite. Was married to Dorothy Goetz a few short months in 1913, when she died. Married again to Ellin Mackay, dotter of Clarence Mackay, amid storms of publicity. Can use all fingers when playing and has had even more influence on our ears than Stephen Foster himself. . . . Ginger Rogers McMath Ayres is very very happy with her Lew and her \$1,500 a



week. Alternates between musicals and straight parts with greatest of ease. Despite success is still Ginger to every one on RKO lot. Like Astaire, has self-educated feet. Many dance schools claim them as distinguished alumni. Still a pleasure, not work, for her to dance. Paul Ash is responsible for her discovery, and if she has had tough sledding at times to get where she is, she's had youth on her side. . . . In private life Miss Helen Broderick is Mrs. Lester Crawford, and has a twenty-three-year-old son, Broderick Crawford. After seventy-four weeks in As Thousands Cheer she arrived in Hollywood and fell for it like an Iowa tourist. Started on stage as chorine; met husband when both appeared in a show grandad might remember: Jumping Jupiter; has been married twenty-four years; is positive Hollywood won't break up her love-lock. You'll have to figure her age and salary yourself; she weighs 127; has red-blonde hair, blue eyes. Like Astaire, is a worrier about her parts and loses weight therefrom. . . . Dance Director Hermes Pan insists that it's his real name and not something Socrates nicked him as. Hails from that old Grecian elysia, Texas, and little is known about him since the name's enough. . . . That furniture you see is a modernized version of seventeenth-century Eytalian, which you can figure it out for yourself. . . . Eric Blore's between-shot habit is to write nursery rhymes for Eric, Jr., which he does on a portable typewriter toted for said purp., hoping yet to publish same, as did Roland Young. . . . Author Dwight Taylor is son to Laurette Taylor, married happily to an Illinois gal, has children, does very well.

## ★ ★ SPECIAL AGENT

**THE PLAYERS:** Bette Davis, George Brent, Ricardo Cortez, Jack LaRue, Henry O'Neill, Robert Strange, Joseph Crehan, J. Carrol Naish, Joe Sauers, and others. Directed by William Keighley. Story by Martin Mooney.

**SPECIAL AGENT** is a noisy little item which brings up the rear end of the G-man cycle. This easily anticipated story is told in a highly melodramatic fashion and has the sure-fire federal agents hot on the trail of a big-shot gangster, roughly sketched from Al Capone, who is finally trapped through his income-tax returns.

After a fling at sympathetic parts, Ricardo Cortez is once more seen as a heavy. He is the underworld tycoon who employs Bette Davis as secretary. This, it turns out, is a grave mistake, for Miss Davis is in love with a G-man (George Brent). When the law is unable to catch Mr. Cortez at his murders and other fractures of the law, the blonde office worker sneaks through his books and proves that the gangster has not been paying his full taxes.

The film moves so quickly that it is never an active bore, but it is played and written with such an unconcerned lack of originality that there is little to disguise the uninspired plot.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** With Elder Hays still cracking down on gangsterinos, and gangsterinos still being last year's news, gang pictures continue in popularity, and Warner Brothers continue to exploit them. This one, which shows the G-man winning out, is known as a back-door gangster film. . . . Special Agent cost about \$300,000. . . . No one can accuse Bette Davis of being beautiful in the Hollywood dumb tradition. Is strictly a personality kid. Born in Boston twenty-seven years ago, she wooed Lady Philosophy at Newton High School, later Cushing Academy. Got scholarship to John Murray Anderson's New York Drama Campus. First public appearance with Provincetown Players, then with Blanche Yurka in small bit of The Wild Duck, just a wing. Hollywood scout caught her with Richard (Terrible) Bennett in Solid South, and she played with Arliss when he was the Man Who Played God. Curiously, in her most unsympathetic roles she wins audiences—remember Of Human Bondage? Thinks you gals should marry when young so's to enjoy life with your man—together. Ambition is to buy New England farm and raise a family. Gives herself a pep talk before stepping into a dramatic scene—talking to herself instills confidence, she says. Thinks women talk too much. Recently had her wire-haired pup Fello's eyesight restored by an operation; and found in picture she could open a safe just like that without knowing the combination. She banks about \$1,500 a week for her work,

which she considers hard. . . . While Garbo and her mother canoe sadly about in an old-fashioned Scandinavian fiord, her boy friend George Brent sticks to his Hollywood business, which is acting. George was born in Dublin thirty-one years ago. Became involved as a messenger for Michael Collins, leader of Irish rebellion. Escaped to England, then to America in hold of freighter. Had been an Abbey Street player, as what Irishman hasn't? Successful at last, with his \$2,500 a week, offstage he still boxes, practices with a pro grappler twice a week, goes deer hunting at the drop of a BB, and reads Jack London. Recently piloted his own plane from Mount Whitney, high point in U. S. A. (14,501 feet above sea level), to Death Valley (lowest, 276 feet below s. l.). Made his first parachute jump the other day in San Bernardino Valley. Didn't mind it. Thinks every generation of woman changes styles in men. When he hits in roles, he hits. Has English bull named Whiskey. Lives at Toluca Lake; is quiet, humorous. . . . Socker Coe wrote first story of how govment gets racketeers via income tax. Now if some one would write how G-Men get the rich evader on same grounds! . . . Ricardo Cortez has been a Latin from Manhattan so long he's actually forgotten he was born an anti-Nazi in Vienna. Was Garbo's leading man in her first Americano, The Torrent. Has been around a long time. Is an elephant for detail-retaining in acting; is best liked by the people as a villain. I think him the saddest-looking villain I've ever seen, one who weeps as he shoots. . . . Director William Keighley practices being a crook in order to get the feel for his megaphoning. Creeps around Warner Brothers lot after dark to get criminal feel. Knows enough now to set up in Cicero as a big shot. . . . Jack LaRue, a Clinton H. S. New Yorker, lay dead for several hours on some poison oak in his fiftieth crook role while cameras ground, and is now itching for better parts. . . . Henry O'Neill's reading plays; wants to be actor-producer. . . . Joseph Sauers, recruited from the Theatre Guild, is naturally cast as a Hollywood heavy, the intellect being a sinister thing around Celluloidia.

## COMMENT

It was the late Will Rogers's custom to make three or four pictures in rapid succession in order to have free time for his lengthy vacations. Fortunately for his many fans, Mr. Rogers leaves two unreleased pictures behind him, both of which have been reviewed in these columns. They are In Old Kentucky and Steamboat Round the Bend.

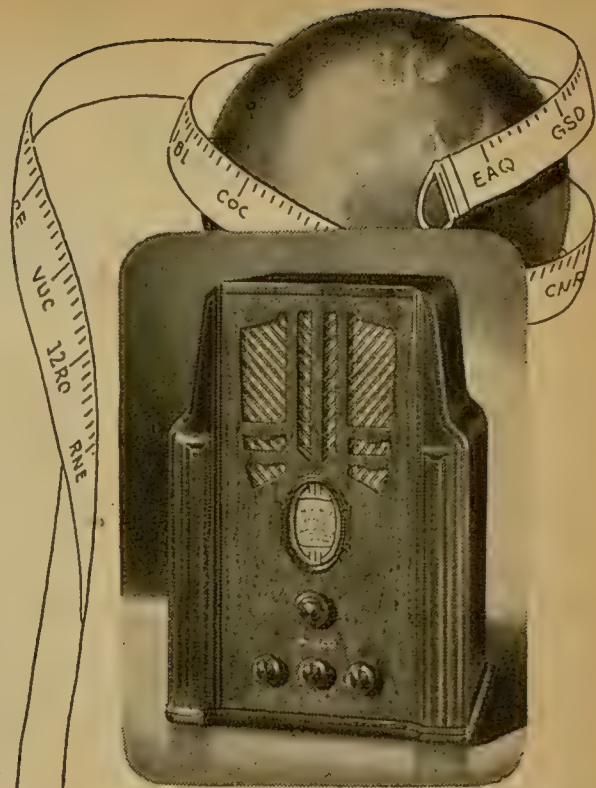
In Old Kentucky is one of the funniest pictures ever made by the beloved comedian, and Steamboat Round the Bend, completed just before his Alaskan trip, is, we feel, his best picture. Though the Fox studio has not announced definite plans at this writing, certainly one, and possibly both, of these films will be held in the vaults until winter.

As a last chance to see a unique artist whose homely style may never be matched again, these two fine pictures should not be missed.

## FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta.

★★★—Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night.



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# Love Letters

## of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Christie Hotel,  
Hollywood Boulevard,  
Hollywood, California.

Dear Socko,

Now that I have recovered from the cuts, sprains, and assorted bruises I drew in the making of my last galloping tintype, I'm going to answer your letter—and *how!*

So you've found yourself a *new* Ritzy French dame, eh? A pleasure-loving babe that's loaded with dough? How nice!

Listen crackpot. If you think for one split second that any honest-to-gawd Park Avenue queen is going to waste her time over a punk palooka like *you*, you're out of gear!

Honestly, I've come to the conclusion that you're just plain dame dizzy. For instance, take that massage-moll Vivian—the twist you just aired. Not being satisfied with *that* load of trouble, you choose yourself *another* order of dynamite by grabbing a *strange French frail*.

But I should furrow and age. While you're frolicking around with that Park Avenue pants presser, I'm busy winning myself a cinema career. It so happens that Rex Holmes—my heart throb and picture snatcher—does nothing but propose. What's more, he's going to take me to a big Hollywood party. I'll tell you all about it later.

As for you, I still repeat, I hope that sailor from the U. S. and A. battleship Texas smacks you for a row of sleeping powders! If he does nothing else, he *might* take some of the conceit out of you and teach you to quit clowning around with strange frails. After that, you might get down to business and grab yourself a rep.

GINGER.

Belleair Hotel,  
New York.

Dear Ginger,

Oh boy, I sure pulled a scull when I took on that mug Killer Kelly. The fact is, I had a sneaking idea I could use him to dust off the ring, BUT, was I mistaken or was I mistaken?

Last week Jack Reilly—the double crossing matchmaker—told me he would give me "*five hundred bucks* if I'd stay the *limit* with Killer Kelly and two-fifty if I *drew or lost*."

Well Ginger, me being ultra-positive I could broadcast that sap, I insisted on *seven-fifty or nothing!* The result was, I not only got NOTHING, but right now I'm hopping around on a pogo stick. What fun!

On the night of the bout, when I trecked into the Brooklyn Carnage Club for my clash with Kelly, the joint was packed to the shingles with *gobs, gobs* and MORE GOBS! I think the Atlantic Fleet musta landed in the

Socko Takes a Sock from  
Ginger but a Heavier One  
from Killer Kelly

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

back yard for the occasion.

Well Ginger, when I stepped through the ropes I couldn't have rated a cheer from the cash customers if I had service stripes, the Quah de Gare and a picture of Admiral Simms plastered all over me.

Yeah, and when my meat-mauling opponent barged into the ring he liked to convulse the joint. For fifteen minutes the dump was a riot.

Just to give you *some* idea Ginger, of what this baby Kelly looked like: he weighed a meager 298 and looked like a toss-up between Frankenstein and something that lived in a swamp.

Well sweetie, I not only *had* to KILL this homicidal monster to get my *dough*, but if I *didn't*, I knew I'd frolic through life in a plasterer's cast. Whata spot!

To add to my troubles, I'd promised Fifi La Mour—the wealthy French widow—I would show up at her Park Avenue pent house at ten. She said she wanted to give me a knockdown to a dude pal of hers—Lord Leftover, who had just arrived from jolly old London.

Well, while I'm sitting in the ring trying to figure out the quickest way to assassinate my gorilla opponent, clang goes the gong and the merriment is on.

In the flash of an instant Killer busts out to greet me with a murderous right swing. As I stepped aside, his duke clouted the ringpost with such a clout I thought the roof caved in.

"Y-e-o-w-!" roared Kelly, learing at me with an expression that would floor Doc Ditmars.

After that, he was wilder than ever! Again he rushes me! For some fool reason, I allowed the tramp to drive me into a corner and right away he unhooked a stiff uppercut which I very foolishly blocked with my right peeper. This fox pass closed my glim for the evening.

The mob went wild and so did I.

"Atta baby, Kelly! Lump him up!" they roared.

I managed to hold on by Grims death and for no reason at all, this idiotic maniac grabs me by the neck and starts rubbing me back and forth over the ropes until my back starts smoking. Right away I beefed to the referee:

"Hey! What about that foul?" I hollers.

"Quit the clownin! Fight!" the punk yells. "What-dya think this is, a kindergarden?"

Them words got me red headed so I set out to murder Kelly in cold blood. I sailed in with a cloud burst of rights and lefts and all he did was grin at me. I feigned a right cross to his middle and buried my left to the hilt in his kisser and for the rest of the round all I did was kick around bridge work, store teeth and hamburger





"There he is with a big pair of pinchers in his duke pulling out two of his loose tusks. Whata man!!"

ATTA BOY, KELLY, DONT LET 'EM THROW YOU!

crushers. Hot cat, when Killer lamped his butter dishes reclining on the canvas, he dashed for me like a raving maniac.

Just when Im all set to trip him, he hoists a haymaker from his ankles and the next thing I knowed Im flat on my pan inspecting the canvas. Honest to Hoover, if it hadnt been for the bell, the entertainment would have been over. By some act of Providence, New Hampshire, I happened to shuffle over to my corner and I no sooner flopped on the stool than the heel matchmaker sticks his scull through the ropes and bellows:

"I thought you was gonna slap that guy for a funeral?"

I took a gander over at the harp bone bender and there he is with a big pair of pinchers in his duke pulling out two of his loose tusks. Whata man!!

"Thats that!" he grins, as he chucks the pinchers and the tusks out of the ring and dusts off his mits.

Well Ginger, to add to my troubles, one of my goofy handlers gets so excited he buries his elbow in my one and only good lamp. The other crackpot drops the water bucket on my left dog and I stagger out as fresh as a daisy as the bell rings.

Just what folleyed is not worth the mention. When I came too, the club was as empty as a traffic cops head. Im laying in the gallery with two calla lillies in one mit and a note in the other. The note read:

"Love and kisses." Signed Killer Kelly.

Well Cutie, not knowing what to do about the heavy date I had with Fifi, I decided to grab the nearest phone in the hopes of calling the date off and copping a quick sneak. But when I got Fifi on the wire she almost blowed up. She swore that if I didnt show up she would never, never see me again! So, I barged over to her apartment.

"Good heavens above," exclaims Fifi, gunning my two black lamps, my busted beezers and the assortment of lovely lumps that graced my fair countenance, "what on earth happened to your face?"

"Oh, just a slight accident," I says, trying to make

light of what looks like a train wreck, but failing badly.

"Slight?" says Lord Leftover, giving me a close-up. "My word, old chap, it seems incredulous and preposterous that one could survive such grewsome mutilation and then consider the disaster trivial—?"

"Don't mention it," I tosses back, trying to overlook his cracks and wishing I could poke him on the snoot.

"Oh, you poor, dear boy," chirps Fifi, taking me by her lily white hand and leading me to an overstuffed Grands Rapid. "Do tell me all about it!"

"Well—er—you see—" I stutters—stalling for time—"in my particular business I run all kinds of terrible risks. I have to practically live in taxicabs—"

"How extraordinary!" butts in Lord Leftover. "Fancy anyone jeopardizing their vital existence by frequenting those hazardous and abominable contraptions?"

"Yeah," I says, hoping he'd keep his trap shut.

"Oh, please go on!" Fifi insists, as she ran her perfumed lace handkerchief over my battered brow.

"Well," I continues, "it was like this. Just as I gets to 14th Street and 10th Avenue, three fire engines come busting around the corner, kiss the 20 & 5 in the middle and the next thing I knowed I got a six cylinder engine in my lap and four extension ladders wrapped around my neck—"

"How singular!" cuts in Lord Leftover, slipping me a quizzical grin. "May I inquire as to what line of endeavour you are engaged in?"

"In the SOCK business," I says.

But God forgive me Ginger, I didn't tell him what kind of sock business.

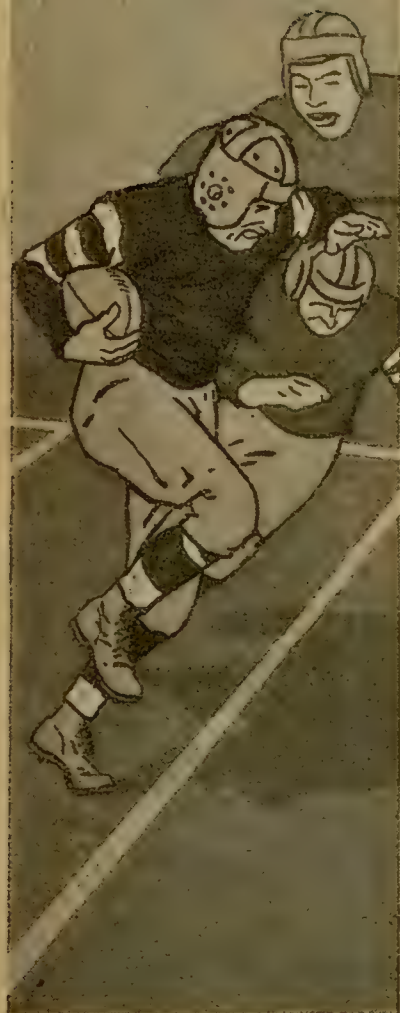
Well sweetie, I've got to shove off now. I'll write you more about Fifi and Lord Leftover in my next letter, until then—

Your ever loving pal,

SOCKO.

More of the interesting correspondence of Ginger and Socko will be published soon.





# Love hates a Coward

THE STORY OF A GRIDIRON GRAD  
AND A GIRL WHO CALLED HIS GAME

by

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BILL and Andy were getting excited over the university's football prospects for next season, so Connor sat in his corner of the roadster and noticed the scenery for the first time.

Football was no novelty to Connor. For two years he had played at least three fourths of every big game; for two years he'd been battered and bruised, whipped to a fever heat by pep talks invoking the memory of his mother and his alma mater. He'd been ground, face down, into mud and icy slush, with a lot of other fevered crusaders on top of him.

Bill and Andy were different. Disdaining the student section, Bill and Andy always occupied expensive seats on the fifty-yard line, with expensive girls beside them. From their superior point of vantage they shouted commands to Hold That Line, or Block That Kick, or Watch That Pass. They were Saturday-night quarterbacks, demanding of Connor why in hell he hadn't called a line buck on that fourth down instead of attempting a field goal.

Of course, Connor realized, football had its points. Football was the reason for his presence at Dalton University; for his membership (without dues) in Bill's and Andy's fraternity; for this invitation to Bill Cheney's house party at High Rock. It was the reason why he was going back to Dalton after graduating creditably: he was eligible for another year of football, and there were plenty of postgraduate courses and very few engineering jobs. It was even, he supposed, the reason Bill's father was offering him a job—next year.

Only—he was bored with football and side-line quarterbacks, and he had just noticed the scenery.

It was rather breath-taking—this roadside view of the Blue Ridge from High Rock mountain. You sat on top of the world and looked down over rows and rows of lesser ranges until you picked out, like a faintly remembered dream, the outline of Hawk's Bill, and Brown Mountain, and the Needle, thirty-odd miles away.

You wondered (if you were Connor, and had an insatiable passion for wondering) whether there were people in all those quiet rugged miles, and if so how they lived and what they thought.

He said abruptly:

"Pull over to the side and stop, Bill. You can argue just as well sitting still, and I want to look at this for a while."

They stared at him in astonishment, because they had been coming to High Rock since they were children, and had long ago forgotten the view—if they had ever seen it. But they had nowhere to go but home, and the rest of the house party wouldn't arrive until dinner time, so they pulled over to the side and stopped.

Connor got out of the car and walked to the edge of the road, where there was nothing but a steel rail between him and all that breath-taking space. Behind him Bill and Andy were contending that Dan O'Connell had been coach at Dalton long enough and that it was time he was given the air.

Bill broke off the discussion abruptly. "The scenery's a lot better on your right, Con."

Connor turned and saw a girl walking down the winding highway toward them. A tall fair-haired girl, whose arms and throat against a yellow dress were tanned to a rich shade of coffee with cream. She walked confidently, as if she knew the mountain to be permanent and unshakable beneath her feet. He thought suddenly that she could give him the key to his wondering. She would





know what these mountain people thought and felt because she would be one of them.

And then as she drew almost even with the car Connor realized that Bill was speaking to her.

"Hi there, beautiful," Bill said. "How about letting us give you a lift?"

The girl looked at Bill out of eyes that were as blue and deep as the valley below. "Thanks," she said levelly. "I'm walking." And started past the car.

Bill was amused. He'd never seen a mountaineer like her. He opened the door and stepped in front of her.

"Oh, come on. Connor, over there, can ride in the rumble."

The girl's eyes turned almost black, and Connor wanted suddenly to cheer. She merely stood and looked Bill over from head to foot and back again, then she stepped aside to pass him.

Connor heard himself saying quickly: "You'll have to excuse him. He doesn't finish college until next year, and manners is a senior course."

The girl looked at Connor and her eyes twinkled. "I see," she said. "Then I'll wait till next year." She walked past the astonished Bill and went serenely down the road.

Bill's lips were white as he turned. "Who the hell told you to apologize for *me* to a mountain gal?"

Connor shrugged. "You didn't seem inclined to do it for yourself." He glanced after the girl; saw that she was turning into a narrow, rocky lane that must lead into the heart of High Rock mountain.

Bill hadn't glanced at her again; he was staring at Connor with withering contempt. Andy said amiably:

"Forget it, Bill. You guessed wrong, that's all. Come on, Con; it's after five o'clock."

The rest of the party arrived about six: Charles

McNeel and four girls he'd collected over a hundred-and-fifty-mile route. Expensive-looking, fifty-yard-line girls. Connor knew Elise and Maurine Townsend, prom-trotting twins who capitalized on a sort of social sister act.

Elise cooed over Connor, and Connor grinned and played up.

One of the girls, whose name was Hazel Harper, was looking appreciatively about her.

"This is going to be swell. I do love roughing it."

Roughing it! A forty-foot living room paneled in cedar, with a five-foot fireplace and shimmering golden floors. Six bedrooms and three tiled baths. Connor laughed out loud.

Bill was exercising a cocktail shaker. "This is my own invention, folks. It's entitled Third Strike."

He waited, and Hazel Harper obligingly asked:

"Why?"

"Guess."

Connor said deliberately: "That's simple. You're always out afterward."

That was reckless, of course. This was Bill's party, and Bill liked to be it or he wouldn't play. But Connor kept seeing a slim girl whom Bill had tried to make, and seeing Bill through the girl's blue eyes. It occurred to him that Bill was a horse, and that he himself wasn't much better because he'd never taken the trouble to tell Bill so. Bill was so dark and polished-looking, and his eyes were too close together.

He looked Connor over. "So you play baseball as well as football."

"Not as *well*, but I do know the rules." Connor smiled

"I've got to do this before we go any farther," he said huskily, and took her in his arms.



at Elise, whose eyes were puzzled, and lifted his glass. "Happy days, sugar."

She drank mechanically, and hoped he wasn't going to make a fool of himself. With any sort of co-operation on his part Connor Dent could be her big moment.

That night was Saturday, so they went to the High Rock Inn to dance. Connor was preoccupied: he kept wondering about the girl on the highway. How did you inquire for a girl when you didn't know her name?

Mark Everett was staying at the inn. Mark was a fraternity brother, and he knew Elise Townsend.

Connor stood beside him in the stag line. "How about asking Elise for a date tomorrow afternoon? Golf, swimming—anything."

Mark glanced sharply at him and grinned. "I take it you've got other plans."

"Not yet. But I want to see a man about a dog."

The traditional evasion. Mark chuckled. "Well, I'll ask her and see how she takes it."

He asked her a minute later, and Elise calculated swiftly. It wasn't a bad idea for Connor to have a little competition; it might wake him up. She nodded.

"That'll be grand. We'll play eighteen holes and then go swimming."

Connor bummed a ride from Bill's house to the village, then walked two miles down the highway to the road the girl had taken. He turned into the steep narrow lane.

It was quiet in the lane, so quiet the silence throbbed in his eardrums. The damp earth was pungent in his nostrils, and the air was clearer and cleaner than anything he'd ever known.

There was a house about two hundred yards up the lane, a big unpainted house squatting against the hill behind it. There were flowers in the front yard: zinnias and marigolds and huge lurid dahlias, blooming in the rich profusion of all High Rock flowers. On one side of the house was the inevitable cabbage patch, and climbing the hill behind it were a few straggling rows of gold-tasseled corn. On the front porch a man in overalls sat in a straight hickory chair that was tilted back against the wall of the house.

The man watched Connor's approach in complete silence, and Connor was about to walk past when he thought of the girl. He stopped.

"How d'you do?"

The man shifted a corncob pipe. "Evenin'."

The tone neither welcomed nor discouraged advances. Connor opened the front gate and walked to the steps.

"I'm looking for—for a girl," he said. "And I don't even know her name."

The man's face was expressionless. "Then how do you figger to find her?" he asked dryly.

"I don't know. She came in this way Saturday afternoon. She's tall, with yellow hair and blue eyes, and she had on a yellow dress."

The man seemed to be weighing something. Then: "I never heard tell of her," he said flatly.

Connor decided he was lying.

"Well, thank you anyhow. Good afternoon."

"Good day." The man puffed his pipe and watched him go.

THE lane began to twist and climb. Around the second twist Connor found another house, smaller than the first, and even shabbier. There were two figures on the porch, one in yellow.

The girl was sitting in one of the straight hickory chairs and a child of four or five was standing at her knee. She seemed to be combing the child's silver-blond hair.

Connor walked to the foot of the steps.

"I was afraid I couldn't find you," he said without any preliminaries. "I didn't know whom to ask for."

"Then how *did* you?"

"I just started walking. I asked a man at the first house, but he hadn't heard of you."

She laughed—a laugh that was as rich and warm as the earth itself. "I live there. But Luke wouldn't have admitted it without a hint from me. You could scour these hills and nobody would ever have heard of me—not until they found out whether I wanted to be found."

"I see." He had rather suspected that. "Well, do you mind?"

She flushed, and the result was breath-taking. "I was hoping you would. Please sit down."

He sat on the top step and leaned against a post. The child stared at him from wide gray eyes.

The girl answered his unspoken question. "Her mother died six weeks ago, and nobody's thought of combing her hair since then. Her father took the five older ones to meeting this afternoon."

He appraised the magnitude of her task. "Why don't you cut it off first?"

Her eyes widened. "Good heavens! I never thought of that. Nitwit! Minnie, how'd you like to have your hair cut real short?"

Minnie scrubbed a bare toe against the floor. "I don't care if I do."

Connor grinned. "What does that mean?"

"It means she'd be thrilled beyond words. There are no superlatives here—except in the matter of hating. Go inside, monkey, and see if you can find a pair of scissors. And for Pete's sake don't fall on 'em."

WHEN Minnie had gone Connor and the girl looked at each other. He knew with a wild rush of joy that intimacy had flowered in that instant.

"Who should I have asked for?" he demanded softly.

"Anne Leonard, for future reference."

"Thanks. I'm Connor Dent, likewise for future reference. Do you," he asked suggestively, "have to finish that job this afternoon?"

"I didn't expect to." Minnie returned then with a pair of battered shears and Anne smiled at her. "Fine. We'll cut it now, and when we've got it untangled we'll trim it again."

Minnie stood like a statue with her eyes fixed on Connor. Except for her blonde hair she might have been a Mayan beholding for the first time her Fair God.

Finally Anne laid aside the scissors. "We'll leave it like that till tomorrow, monkey. Now suppose you walk down the road to my house and stay with Lucy and Luke. I'll be there after a while."

In Minnie's world you didn't question the powers that be; they were too apt to knock you down. She trotted obediently down the lane.

Without speaking, Anne Leonard led the way into the lane, then turned toward the hillside and plunged through the laurel bushes and began to climb. Connor followed her, wondering. After five minutes she paused, and he saw a flat gray rock that jutted shelflike from the hill. He scrambled to the rock after her, and drew in his breath with a long sigh.

Through the great V made by the sheltering hills he saw the view of yesterday: miles and miles of space, bordered by dreamlike mountains. He looked and looked.

Finally Anne spoke: "I'm glad you didn't gush; I'd have hated you if you had." She sat down, and he dropped down beside her and transferred his attention to her face.

"Who are you and what are you doing here? Surely you weren't born here, Anne."

She laughed. "I was raised in Knoxville. I graduated last spring from Wellesley."

Of course. "Then what on earth—"

"—am I doing here? Teaching a mountain school for the summer term, although I may stay on through the winter."

She explained quietly. "We used to come here every summer—before the deluge—and stay at one of the small hotels. I never thought much about the natives until one day when three women came to the hotel selling rugs—those pitiful gaudy hooked rugs the women in here make. They spread the rugs all over the hotel porch in an effort to attract interest, then they stood and waited. There was a little girl with them, and a baby, and the girl sat on the edge of a chair and held the baby."

"It was heartbreaking, Connor. The porch was full of people. And the women *stood* there—without speaking or moving—for almost an hour. Even the baby was like a statue; he couldn't have been a year old. They weren't awkward or embarrassed—not half as much as



we were; and right then I got interested in mountain people. And when we lost our eye teeth a while ago I decided to come up here and find out about them." She laughed again. "The family think I've lost my mind completely."

He felt suddenly useless and ashamed of himself. "God, you've got courage, Anne! I wish I had."

"Why haven't you?"

He shrugged, and told her, with a taste of bitterness in his mouth, about college and Bill and Andy and football. She objected:

"There's nothing criminal in that. You've given them what they wanted, haven't you?"

"I guess so."

"And now what?"

He told her about the postgraduate work, and her eyes were thoughtful.

"Could you get any sort of work now?"

"I might." Bill's father was a swell guy, but he did like his son's alma mater to win football games. "Sixty or seventy-five dollars a month, maybe."

"I get forty." She looked at the mountains before them. "Aren't you—sort of evading the issue?"

He was, of course. But he didn't want anybody—least of all Anne—telling him so.

"I don't see why. Another year of education can't hurt anybody."

"Of course not." She stood up. "I've got to go down now. Lucy—Luke's wife—is sick, and Luke likes his food early and often, such as it is."

He got up and took her hands in his. "May I come back, Anne?"

Something flickered across her face and was gone. "I'm busy until four during the week."

"Then I'll come after four."

She hesitated and then gave in. "All right. Only I may not be at home."

"I'll have to risk that." He was looking at her mouth, and she knew the look. She took her hands away quickly and started down the hillside.

At six o'clock Connor walked, dusty and disheveled, into Bill's living room. It was the cocktail hour, and everybody but himself was smooth and immaculate. Bill looked levelly at him and the air was suddenly electric.

"The late Mr. Dent," Bill said coolly. "We're flattered."

The room turned red before Connor's eyes. It occurred to him that anybody else could have disappeared from the party and no one would have questioned it. It wasn't a breach of etiquette, but Bill had a chip on his shoulder and he was looking for excuses.

He returned Bill's look. "Something tells me, Bill, that I'm not as popular as I was—last fall." Last fall, when he'd been finding holes in the other team's forward wall.

Bill's mouth smiled. "What makes you think that?"

"I'm psychic that way." He looked at the other faces and found friendliness and distress but nothing more. Nobody's eyes said: Tell him to go to hell; I'm with you. He said casually:

"And being that way, I know when I've worn out my welcome. So I'll just take time to gather up my doll rags, if you don't mind."

Walking out of the room, he was conscious of a stir behind him: Elise said feebly: "Bill, of all fool things!" And Andy said: "Look here—" and then decided not to finish it. Well, they were guests in Bill's house; that might account for it.

Elise came into the room while he was packing, and there were tears in her voice.

"Connor darling, please don't leave like this."

"Just a crude roughneck, sugar. Forget it."

Even then, with the least encouragement, Elise would have gone with him. She had money of her own, and she could have afforded him; but Connor never suspected that, and he wouldn't have encouraged her if he had. He finished jamming clothes into the suitcase and bent and kissed her.

"By, darling. See you next fall—maybe."

Downstairs he paused in the living-room door. "So

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long, everybody. Thanks, Bill, for a lovely time."

Andy caught him in the driveway. "Wait a minute, you damn fool! I'll drive you where you're going."

Connor grinned affectionately at Andy. "Thanks. Only I don't know where I'm going."

They got in Andy's roadster and roared away. Andy said finally: "He's a horse, isn't he?"

"He can't help it, I guess."

"That's why he's a horse. Funny, too, because his father's such a prince."

Connor had often wondered about that too. Mr. Cheney was an executive in a big Carolina utilities company, and he was the exact antithesis of Bill.

Andy said roughly: "Say, Con, how about a room with me next year?"

Connor's throat contracted. "Sure, if I'm there, and you still feel that way. Ask me again later." Andy might change his mind after a few days' deliberation.

At the end of an hour's search they found a boarding-house for a dollar a night. They gripped hands awkwardly.

"See you soon, Con."

"Sure. God, you're a good egg, Andy!"

"Forget it." Andy left quickly for fear he'd cry.

Approaching Luke's house the next afternoon, Connor had an all-gone feeling. She'd said she might not be there.

But she was. She was sitting on the front porch, sewing.

"Let's go up to the rock," she said. "I can sew there as well as I can here—or as badly!"

The view from the rock quieted him. He told Anne what had happened, and she listened without a word.

"I spent the morning looking for something to do," he explained. "Caddying—anything. I finally got a job as a waiter at High Rock Inn." He laughed. "Because I was white and had dinner clothes."

"Well," her voice was light, "it's a living."

"Yeah, and you meet such nice people." All his own friends probably.

Suddenly he reached over. "I've got to do this before we go any farther," he said huskily, and took her in his arms.

He hadn't guessed what it would do to him to hold her like this; to feel her body against him and her mouth under his.

Because they both had to breathe he lifted his head finally, and looked at her. "Oh, God, Anne!" he said brokenly, and stopped. His arms fell at his sides. In an effort to regain her serenity she tried to sew, but her hands were too unsteady.

"I wish I hadn't done that," he muttered at last.

"Why?"

"Because it was bad enough before. I thought that mighty satisfy me for a minute, but it didn't. It was like being struck by lightning."

HE got up and walked the length of the rock and back again. "Anne—for God's sake, what are we going to do?"

She kept on looking into space. "That rests with you, doesn't it?"

"Will you wait for me—this year, and heaven knows how many more years?"

"While you go back to school, you mean?"

"Yes. We couldn't live on sixty dollars."

"But next year—would you get any more then?"

He shrugged. "Lord knows. Things may be still better then. With extra credits I might be worth more."

"But wouldn't a year's experience, even at sixty dollars, be worth more than another year at school?"

"Maybe it would, if I could get it." He hesitated, and then confessed. "That offer came from Bill's father. It's out now, of course."

"I see. And there aren't any more?" Her voice was cool. It even sounded scornful.

He began to get angry. "I really couldn't say. All I can do is try."

"Yes." She dragged her eyes from the view and looked squarely at him, and his breath caught again. You couldn't ever get to the bottom of Anne's eyes. "Do

you know, Connor," she said gently, "I think you've gotten soft? You got an education with your body but your brain's flabby."

He stiffened angrily. "Thanks. I graduated third in my class."

"I don't mean that kind of brains. I mean—guts."

He winced and felt cold all over. Anne didn't understand, and he hated to explain his feeling, which lay deeply rooted in his own family history. His own mother had been charming and high-bred, and she'd fallen in love with his father when he possessed the same sort of physical good looks that Connor had now. A decent sort—his father—but with no particular ambition, and a background of Good Substantial People. Years of living on an inadequate income and associating for the most part with these same Good Substantial People had gradually worn his mother down. Although she never complained Connor had enough of her blood in him to know.

But he had to try and make Anne see it, because he loved her that way. Funny to love a girl you'd only seen twice, and yet it had needed only one look, because with that look a bell had rung somewhere within him.

He said slowly: "It's not a lack of—guts. It's experience. I've seen what it's done to my mother—living on too little. It's gradually worn her down. I—can't quite see the same thing happening to you."

"Wouldn't that be something for me to decide? After all, I'm not exactly opulent now. I don't mind the poverty, but I do mind the way you're trying to hang on to another year of comparative ease, just because you're afraid of cold water."

THAT made him really angry, because she still didn't understand. He said: "That makes it pretty clear, doesn't it?" He got up. "Well, it's nice to have known you, Anne."

He hadn't intended to say that and it shocked him into a semblance of mental clarity. "I didn't mean that! Anne—" He reached for her again, but she shook her head.

"You've put it practically perfectly, Connor. It's—nice to have known you."

He saw in an instant that it was no use. Nothing was. He jumped off the rock and crashed blindly through the shining green laurel leaves.

He went back to the boardinghouse and began throwing his clothes into the suitcase again. He called up the inn and resigned his position. Then he started out in the deepening twilight to try and bum a ride down the mountain. He was numb all over, and his brain felt as it had last year when somebody knocked him out on his feet.

He caught a ride with a farmer in a model T, and spent the night in a barn at the foot of the mountain. He had a little money, but he decided he'd better not waste it on luxuries like beds: it might have to last him more than the six pleasant weeks he'd planned.

On the second day he landed, dirty and tired, in Ranley, North Carolina, the home office of Mr. Cheney's utility company. He found a cheap rooming house, bathed and shaved and got some clothes pressed. Then, still in a dull rage, he started out to find a job.

He went straight to the Carolina Utilities, but not to Mr. Cheney. He had no idea of seeing Mr. Cheney, but he'd decided two years ago that the Carolina offered the best future for an ambitious engineer. They might need a janitor now.

Mr. McCarty, the executive vice-president, was hard to reach. It took Connor two days to get inside his office. He listened politely, then he said:

"You're Dent, the football player, aren't you?"

"Yes," Connor said shortly; "but that's not much help in engineering." He was still too mad for tact.

"No, but I knew I'd heard Cheney speak of you." He stared at Connor. "Why didn't you go to him?"

Connor hesitated, and then blurted it out. "Because I had a row with his son, and was invited to leave the house. Mr. Cheney'd probably kick me out of the office if I asked him."

McCarty's face expressed nothing. "I see. Well, leave me your telephone number, Dent. I'll let you know."



Connor felt limp. He knew what that meant. He got up slowly.

"Thank you, sir, for giving me your time."

He spent the next three days tramping the street. He wrote his mother what he was doing, but no one else. He didn't even look up any of the friends that he had in Ranley.

On the fourth evening he was called to the telephone.

"Connor?" a voice said. "This is Jim Cheney. You come down to my office in the morning?"

Connor swallowed hard, and knew that hell had broken loose and that he might as well take it and get it over. "Yes, sir. What time?"

"Half past ten. 'By." The receiver clicked.

At ten forty the secretary opened Jim Cheney's door and threw Connor to the lions. He took two steps and waited for the explosion.

Mr. Cheney waved at a chair. "Sit down."

Connor sat.

"Now, then, what in hell is this about you and Bill?"

"We—parted company," Connor confessed.

"Why?"

Connor shrugged, and decided to pull down the house. Bill would do it anyhow, as soon as he saw his father. "I—implied that he was a horse."

"Is he?"

"Is he what?"

"A horse."

The rage came back. "Yes," Connor said shortly, and waited for the crash.

For an eternity the handsome room was still; so still that Connor could feel the blood thudding in his ears. When Jim Cheney spoke Connor decided one of them was crazy.

"I've suspected it for a long time," Jim Cheney said heavily.

Connor sprang to his feet. "That was a filthy thing for me to do, Mr. Cheney! I'm—sorry as hell."

Mr. Cheney looked up. "No; I asked for it. What'll I do with him?"

For the second time in a week Connor wanted to cry. He said huskily:

"He's just spoiled, Mr. Cheney; he can snap out of it. He's *your* son, isn't he?" It wasn't flattery; it came from a full heart.

Jim Cheney nodded. "Whatever that means. What'll I do with him?"

CONNOR kept on feeling like a sleepwalker and, worse still, like a hypocrite. But he had to answer.

"He's got too much money, sir. It gives him an edge on the rest of them that he hasn't earned. And when he gets out next year you ought to put him on a salary and charge him board. And fire him if he loafs."

Mr. Cheney nodded. "Sure. I knew that once, but you forget those things. Thanks, Connor."

The interview seemed to be over, so Connor fumbled for his hat and got up. At the doorway Jim Cheney's voice halted him.

"Oh, about that job. I hear you're not going back to Dalton."

He turned. "No, sir. I was getting soft too."

Mr. Cheney's tired eyes twinkled. "How'd you find out?"

He flushed. "A girl told me so: a girl—I wanted to marry."

"Don't you still want to?"

"God, yes!" It was the barest whisper. "But she wouldn't have me."

The twinkle deepened. "Whyn't you ask her again? Women sometimes change their minds. See if she can live on a hundred a month for the first six months, with a damn good prospect of a raise."

Connor choked and decided he was getting maudlin. This made three times in a week. He said: "Are you—offering me a job?"

Mr. Cheney cleared his throat. "What d'you think I'm doing? Starting Monday. That'll give you time—to find out something. Now get out."

Connor reached Luke's house at ten minutes of four the next afternoon. Luke, by some miracle, was working

the cabbage patch in the side yard instead of sitting on the porch. He straightened and looked solemnly at Connor.

"Has Anne come in yet?" Connor demanded a little breathlessly.

Luke leaned on his hoe. "I don't rightly know."

Connor grinned. "Yes you do, damn it."

Luke broke down then and grinned back. "It ain't quite time for her," he confessed. "If you walk up the road a piece you're mighty apt to meet her." He waved towards the upper reaches of the lane.

Connor met her a stone's throw from Luke's, and his heart skipped a beat. He'd forgotten how beautiful she was, and how much he loved her.

At the sight of him she stopped in a sort of panic, and then walked steadily toward him. When they met he took her hand.

"Come on up to that rock. I've—got something to ask you."

For an instant they stood side by side on the rock, looking into space. Then Connor put his hands on her shoulders and made her face him.

"Did you really mean it, Anne, when you kicked me out?"

She flushed under the tan, and he wanted to throw back his head and give an Indian war whoop.

"It—looked like the only way, Connor."

The only way to wake him up, he knew she meant. He said uncertainly: "Could you possibly live on a hundred a month for six months, Anne? With a raise after that?"

He'd forgotten all about his mother and his scruples; it never occurred to him that he *could* fail.

Her eyes were bluer and deeper than ever. "I'd like to have the chance."

Kissing her this time wasn't like being struck by lightning. This time it was like coming out of the cold and the dark into a warm lighted house.

THE END

## ★★★ HENNESSY

### COGNAC BRANDY

*-the same today as ever*

NO 2157  
Cognac 2nd August 1935  
Messrs. SCHIEFFELIN & CO  
NEW YORK

JA HENNESSY & CO  
GR.  
COGNAC

Dear Sirs,

It occurs to us here in Cognac that it might not be amiss for you to incorporate in your advertising of Hennessy Cognac Brandy in the United States some official statement that the Hennessy Brandy we are shipping to you today is exactly the same quality that made Hennessy so tremendously popular before your prohibition experiment. For those are the facts, as you know.

We realize, of course, that those who knew Hennessy in the old days can readily recognize this in the bouquet and "clean" taste of the Hennessy Brandy they receive today, but to those who know Hennessy only by reputation, a word of assurance may be appreciated.

As your representatives saw for themselves when they visited our plant here in Cognac, we maintain here the finest and largest stock of natural brandy in the world. This is necessary to maintain that unvarying uniformity throughout the world that has made Hennessy Brandy so popular for 170 years.

We are glad to see that you are including in your advertising of Hennessy Brandy the suggestion that it be sipped slowly rather than gulped. To do justice to the exceeding care and time which enter into the production of Hennessy — and to best enjoy its flavour and "clean" taste — it should be sipped drop by drop after first warming the glass in the hands, to release its exquisite bouquet.

We remain, dear Sirs,  
Yours faithfully  
J. A. Hennessy & Co.

SOLE AGENTS  
FOR THE UNITED STATES:  
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY. IMPORTERS SINCE 1794.





Int. photo

George Rappleyea, who started it all—and has never got the credit.

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dayton, the little town in the mountains of eastern Tennessee where ten years ago this summer was enacted the drama of the Scopes evolution or "monkey" trial, has invited back for a decennial reunion "all living participants, including the newspapermen." The reunion is scheduled for September 23 to 25.

THE first time I arrived in Dayton was ten years ago with Mrs. Potter and Dudley Field Malone in a sedan driven the forty hilly miles from Chattanooga in one hour flat by George Rappleyea, the man who started the whole trial and has never yet got the credit for it.

When I go back for this reunion I shall make first for F. C. Robinson's drugstore, "where it all started," and ask for another of those enormous thirst-quenching iced lemonades for a nickel.

As I was sipping my first one, ten years ago, Rappleyea whispered to me, "We're going to have a secret meeting of the defense counsel over in my office right away. Want to come along?"

Into the sedan we climbed. Anywhere off the main street of Dayton is dark in the evening, and the shadows seemed particularly ominous around the buildings of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Works, in one corner of which Superintendent Rappleyea had his office. He went up the steps to get the lights on, and I was looking over my luggage when a figure detached itself from the shadows.

It seemed to be a slender youth of about sixteen, who, without a word, easily picked up my heavy suitcases and started off with them. I protested:

"Here, boy, what are you doing with those suitcases?"

"That's all right," he drawled, "I'm just taking them where you-all are going to"; and he fastened them to a bright-yellow stripped-down roadster upon which several other articles of luggage were already tied.

"Rapp!" I called, "this kid is running off with the defense library!"

Rappleyea peered at the youth. Then he chuckled.

"That's all right, Doc. That's only Scopes."

Amiably, hospitably, undemonstratively, John Thomas Scopes, on the eve of his already world-famous trial, was gathering the baggage of new arrivals, Fundamentalists and Evolutionists alike, and transporting it to their lodging places, gratis and gladly.

And when Mrs. Potter and I were leaving Dayton Johnny Scopes suddenly appeared at my side, took the suitcases from my hands, and walked along to the station with us. A more modest, friendly human being I have never met.

"Johnny," said Mrs. Potter, "I'd like to ask you just one question before we go. Did you ever *really* teach evolution in Rhea County High School?"

Scopes looked up quickly at my wife with surprise and

# Ten Years After the Going Back

Interesting Sidelights and Reminiscences  
on the Eve of the

by CHARLES

Bible expert and librarian for the defense at

admiration and said, with a broad grin: "Mis' Potter, how'd you know?" Mrs. Potter merely smiled.

"You see," he added, in the longest speech I ever heard him make, "I am science teacher here, or at least I was—taught chemistry and biology and such. But my hardest job is athletic coach—football, basketball, and baseball. I was pretty busy. As a matter of fact, we had to use the biology period sometimes for planning our plays, and I reckon likely we never did get around to that evolution lesson. But the kids were good sports and wouldn't squeal on me in court."

I heard later that on that very day he had refused an offer of \$50,000 to appear on the vaudeville stage lecturing on evolution. And the boy had been getting only \$150 a month, was now out of a job as a convicted criminal, and, as he told me privately, was frankly worried as to how he was going to get along!

"No," he said, "I won't do it. I don't care to be an exhibit. Besides, I don't know enough about evolution to lecture on it."

I met him in Chicago a year or so later, had a delightful luncheon with him and Darrow, found that he was studying evolution at the University of Chicago. The next thing I knew, he was on a paleobotanical expedition, investigating the early evolution of plants, somewhere in Central or South America. The last I heard was that he



The courtroom during the monkey trial: 1—William Jennings



# Monkey Show I'm to Dayton

of the Celebrated Scopes Evolution Trial Participants' Reunion

## FRANCIS POTTER

the Scopes Evolution trial, July 10-21, 1925



Keystone View photo

Johnny Scopes, convicted teacher of evolution. He never taught it!

was teaching in Texas. I'd like to see him again. I hope he'll turn up at Dayton this fall.

One hot afternoon during the trial some one ran up to the judge and in a stage whisper said:

"Your prisoner has escaped!"

"Prisoner?" said Judge Raulston, rather startled. "Oh, you mean Johnny Scopes. Well, Johnny'll be back. He prob'ly jes went out for a swim to cool off."

Sure enough, an hour later, Johnny, looking much refreshed, squeezed past my chair with a friendly pat on my back and resumed his inconspicuous seat.

Clarence Darrow has written that he hopes to be back. He's nearing fourscore now, and has already outlived Bryan by a decade. I'll not soon forget the day he and I were walking up the hill to the Mansion House. "I'm going to put a Bible expert on the stand 'bout day after tomorrow," he said casually. "No, not you; a greater expert than you—greatest in the world—he thinks."

"You mean Bryan? That would be a master stroke!" I exclaimed.

"Never mind the master stuff," he growled, "and don't talk so loud. Too many reporters round here. Besides, you've got to get busy. You're not going down to the courtroom tomorrow. Find a shady spot up here if you can and read your Bible. Go through it and find all the unscientific parts—about hares chewing the cud, and

daylight before the sun was created, and all that. Collect them all and type them out and get them to me tomorrow night. And here's a bunch of telegrams. Go through them and see if there are any good ideas we can use. Probably not. I notice one says, 'Have found missing link. Wire instructions.'"

Then the humor of the whole situation seemed to strike him, and he said, "Sometimes I have to laugh at everything and everybody, including myself."

I made a long list of quotations of the sort he wanted, but he did not use them, except one, for he had plenty in his own capacious memory. That one concerned the serpent in the Genesis story. I suggested that since the Bible account says that as a punishment the Lord condemned the serpent to crawl upon its belly the rest of its life, a literalist would naturally raise the question as to how the serpent traveled before that time, since it is anatomically impossible for snakes to proceed in any other fashion.

**QUESTIONING** Bryan on the seventh day of the trial, Darrow forced him to say that he believed the story was literally true, and then asked if Bryan thought the snake had previously "walked on his tail." The roar of laughter which arose from Evolutionists and Fundamentalists alike angered the Great Commoner so much that he turned on his questioner and attacked him so bitterly that the judge adjourned court for the day.

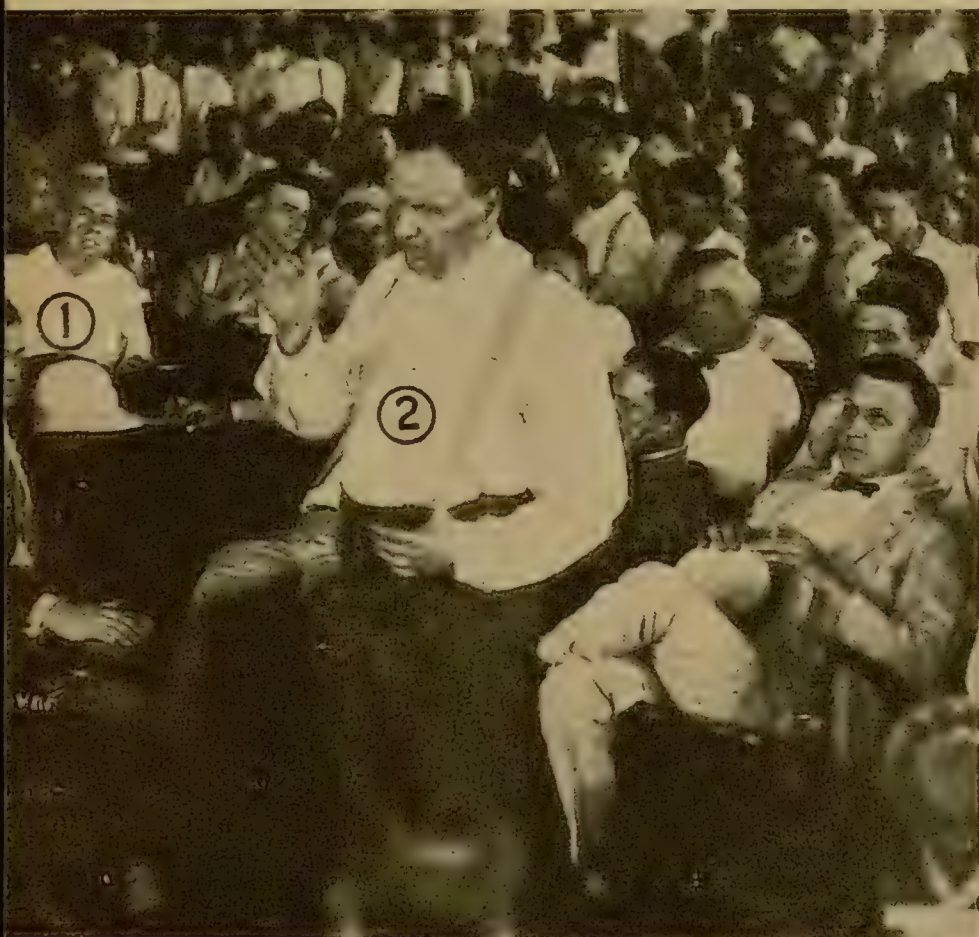
That was really the climax of the trial, for word came next day that the other prosecution lawyers had got together that evening, had admitted that Darrow had "made a monkey out of Bryan," and said that further questioning of Bryan by Darrow should be stopped, although it would mean that Bryan would lose his hoped-for chance of putting Darrow on the stand. The next day the jury was called in and the case quickly concluded. Not to be able to get back at Darrow is what broke Bryan's heart, I think. He died a few days afterward. He had a great speech prepared for the trial, a copy of which I treasure, but he was never able to get a chance to deliver it. Scopes was convicted, to be sure, but Darrow outgeneraled Bryan.

Darrow seemed detached and meditative all through the trial. He was keenly aware of all that was going on, and never missed a trick, but appeared amazed and incredulous at the whole proceeding. Once, when he was questioning one of the high-school boys, he stopped for a moment and, turning to some of us who sat directly behind him, he said:

"Would you believe this was the twentieth century?"

He seemed somewhat quizzical in his attitude toward even the scientists. But he was genial and kindly to friend and foe alike, and seemed able to maintain his poise even when the thermometer was over 100 degrees in the shade. The Fundamentalists of Dayton will give him a cordial heartfelt welcome.

One man will not be at Dayton this fall, and yet in a sense he will. I refer, of course, to William Jennings



Wide World photo

Bryan, 1—Clarence Darrow, 2. The temperature was nearly 100.



Bryan. Without him there would have been no trial, at least not that trial.

I can see him, sitting motionless as the Sphinx, except for that eternally swaying palm-leaf fan. Once in a great while he would stir, rise, and speak in measured eloquence that made the other lawyers sound like amateurs. I disagreed with nearly every sentence he coined, but I admired the sheer beauty of his utterance.

He will be at the reunion, for his memory will pervade Dayton like a living presence. And in Dayton is Bryan Memorial University, born of the trial itself, housed temporarily in the very courthouse, awaiting only better times for expansion into its own projected buildings. It is not expected that any professor in B. M. U. will ever be fined \$100 for teaching evolution.

There is no harm in my repeating one good joke on Mr. Bryan which Johnny Scopes told me. At that strange "Victory Banquet" of the Fundamentalists which preceded the trial, Scopes was present, much in the character of a freshman at a sophomore celebration. Polite and attentive as always, he passed Mr. Bryan a plate of white bread.

"No thank you, sonny," said Bryan, "my doctor won't let me eat any starchy foods." Whereupon he reached over and helped himself generously to white potatoes.

"I reckon," said Johnny Scopes when he told me, "that a little more knowledge of science wouldn't have hurt Mr. Bryan any."

The reunion will not be complete if George Rappleyea is absent. I wonder if he will attend. They made it so hot for him in Dayton after the trial, as the only evolutionist in town, that he had to leave, and went to Louisiana. He later made good as a designer and salesman of large motorboats. It was he who designed and built the two caravels used in the celebration of the tricentennial of the settling of Maryland.

They ought to erect a monument to him in Dayton, for he is the man who put the town on the map. The Scopes trial started, in a sense, in Times Square, for it was there that George Rappleyea learned to fight. He sold newspapers at the subway entrance thirty years ago and says he had "a fight a day" to hold his location. He knew all the theatrical celebrities and soon accumulated enough money to start college.

But college was rather slow after Times Square. Only one thing held his attention—geology. He left college and got a job on the waterworks north of New York City. The cuts for excavations revealed a series of strata that interested him and he left the job and followed the strata south through the Appalachian chain.

When he came out of his scientific obsession, he found himself in a Tennessee hospital, the victim of the bite of a copperhead. When he left the hospital a few days later, the girl who had been his nurse was his wife.

"So I had to get a job," he told me. He went to the Cumberland Coal and Iron Works and applied for one. They asked him what he could do, and he said simply, "I'm a geologist: I know strata." And to get rid of him they told him to go out and look for a lost vein of coal—

one on which the prosperity of the company had been founded, and which had suddenly disappeared at a fault.

In two weeks he was back. He had found the continuation of the vein, and, incidentally, two oil locations. He got the job and soon became superintendent.

One day an eight-year-old boy got caught between two coal cars and was crushed to death. Rappleyea attended the funeral up in the mountains.

"This here boy," said the Fundamentalist preacher, standing by the little coffin and directly before the weeping parents, "'cause his pappy and mammy didn't git him baptized, is now a-writhing in the flames of hell."

Rappleyea so far forgot himself as to seize the preacher by the neck and kick him out of doors.

The preacher dusted himself off and said with dignity, "Mr. Rappleyea, you can boss the men in the mine, but you've got to keep your hands off'n our religion."

"But that isn't religion," said Rappleyea. "That's a horrible superstition!"

"Hit's our religion," said the preacher, "and we're going to stick by hit."

"Well, a few days later," said Rappleyea to me, "I heard that this same bunch, these Fundamentalists, had passed that antievolution law, and I made up my mind I'd show them up to the world. Everybody said to calm down and forget it, but I couldn't. So I got hold of Johnny Scopes and told him, 'Johnny, you're going to be arrested,' and he said, 'What for?' and I said, 'For teaching evolution in Rhea County High School,' and he said, 'All right,' and we got Walter White, the superintendent of schools, into it, and you know the rest."

I shall be glad to see again at Dayton this fall Arthur Garfield Hays, ever the shrewd champion of liberty; Dudley Field Malone, who made the best speech at the trial; Henry L. Mencken, who, when I asked him in the

courtroom what he thought of it all, said, "Damnable obscenity"; General Stewart, the doughty attorney general and leader of the prosecution, who persisted in referring to the King James version of the Bible as the "St. James" version; General McKenzie, also of the prosecution, who said, "We have done crossed the Rubicon"; and many others.

There is one man I want particularly to meet again—honest John Butler, the little-known author of the famous Tennessee antievolution law.

On the kitchen table he wrote out the law one Monday, stirred by the sermon of the day before in which the preacher had scored this iniquitous thing called evolution. He took the law with him when he went down to the legislature, of which he was a member, introduced it, and saw it passed.

When the judge refused to let the defense introduce experts to testify as to what evolution is, the most indignant person in the room was John Butler.

"That ain't fair," said the author of the antievolution bill. "He ought to give 'em a chance to tell what it is. Course we got 'em licked anyhow, but I believe in bein' fair 'n' square American. Besides, I'd like to know what evolution is myself."

THE END



CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

*says he runs two vegetable gardens a year, the First Humanist Society of New York, and a small car. He reviews 200 books a year and lectures 250 times, including broadcasting. He also writes a book a year and writes for magazines. His pets include a hawk, a skunk, a porcupine, and a "beautiful rattlesnake."*

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 24

- 1—Charles A. Lindbergh.
- 2—Gambrinus, a figure in Flemish mythology.
- 3—Yes. In the World War German 420 shells were nicknamed "Jack Johnsons."
- 4—The Boer general, Piet Cronje, featured at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904.
- 5—Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture.
- 6—At Mamaroneck, New York.
- 7—Yes, true of all birds of prey, such as hawks, owls, and vultures.
- 8—Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his 1934 trip to Hawaii visited Cocos Island, where a large treasure is known to be buried.

- 9—Rumanian.
- 10—The tower of the Woolworth Building, New York City, was used for the purpose by De Forest in 1916.
- 11—Paregoric gets its name from the Greek paregorikos (soothing), applied originally to oratory.
- 12—No; it is the nickname of Jean Borotra, the celebrated tennis player.
- 13—In cockfighting, a thoroughbred gamecock had no white feathers. If the fowl showed a white feather, he was not game.
- 14—"The Doctors' Riot" in New York City in 1773, which was caused by rumors

- that medical students were robbing graves.
- 15—Carol II of Rumania.
- 16—Pearl White. She lives in France.
- 17—In Ireland counterfeit halfpence were once in common use. They were known as "raps." "Not worth a rap" meant not worth a counterfeit halfpenny.
- 18—Achille Ratti. He is now known as Pius XI.
- 19—Miss Annie S. Peck, who conquered Mount Huascaran in Peru, as well as the Matterhorn. She died in July, 1935, aged eighty-four.
- 20—Louis Barrow is the real name of Joe Louis, Negro heavyweight.



# I'LL COME BACK

Liberty's  
Short Short



READING TIME  
5 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

by RITA  
WEIMAN

ALL of us round the N.V.A. knew Larry O'Donovan was a bum. His wife Mabel knew it too, maybe better than anybody else. But we loved him for the same reason she loved him, for the same reason that vaudeville audiences loved him. He was such a lovable bum.

The smile in his eyes that seemed to take you to his heart. The flash of white teeth, half apologetic, half kidding. The easy, slouchy movement of his dance routine.

But Larry couldn't stay away from liquor. And when he was liquored he couldn't stay away from women.

They were a patter-and-dance team, Mabel just the feeder.

She was a frail white thing with the liveliest eyes you ever saw and hair the color of a copper kettle. Larry when he was sober didn't realize there was another woman in the world.

While they were playing Chicago two years ago, there was a girl on the same bill, a sullen-mouthed young torch singer who'd had a greedy eye on Larry from the minute she lamped him. They disappeared after the show and he didn't appear in time for the matinee next day. The girl, on hand for the afternoon show, claimed she had left him at a hangout too ossified to move.

Mabel grabbed a taxi and made the rounds of all the familiar hangouts. It was in one of those terrific wind-and-rain storms that the city features. By the time she located Larry she was drenched to the bone.

Larry came back to New York alone. I'll never forget his face as he walked in the N.V.A.

"Two days," he said. "She was gone in two days. Pneumonia."

I tried to tell him how we all felt.

Larry didn't seem to hear.

"And she wasn't delirious, except at the last. She kept saying she wouldn't leave me. 'I'll come back,' she kept saying. 'I'll come back to Broadway when you need me, boy.' As if I didn't need her all the time—every minute."

I didn't like the look of his face. It wasn't sad or shocked. It was frozen. As blank as a block of ice. He stood there, holding his suitcase in one hand and a small package in the other.

"So I brought her back," he went on, "to be with me always. I had her cremated and put in a little gold urn with her name on it—"

"Larry, for God's sake!"

He held out the package.

"Here," he said. "Here—with me always. Wherever I go."

I told the boys about it. We did our best to bring him to his senses. He had the notion that little jar of ashes was Mabel. In his dressing room at the theater, in his room when he went to bed, there it was.

During the months after Mabel's death Larry toed the mark straight as a tightrope walker. Not a drop. Not a woman. Not a performance missed. For six months Larry was as steady, as dependable as a teetotaler.

Then one night something got him. Loneliness, I guess. Anyway, he didn't show up for next day's matinee.

Ogilvy phoned me. I rushed out and finally found Larry slumped over a table in a Forty-ninth Street basement, crying like a baby. He'd left the theater with that unearthly thing in his pocket as usual. It was vile weather; he was cold and miserable. One drink wouldn't hurt any. Well, he made the rounds. When he got back to his room the little gold jar was gone. He'd been looking for it ever since.

I tried a checkup on the places he thought he'd visited. No use. No

trace of it anywhere.

With the gold urn gone, Larry's morale seemed to go. He was tight most of the time. On one of his jaunts he picked up a hard-faced doll who could drink him under the table without batting an eyelash.

When Larry started going round with her, Broadway warned him she was a gangster's moll. But that didn't bother Larry.

When his tour took him out of town for twenty weeks, she was with him.

Luckily she didn't stay through the tour. Traveling with a vaudeville hoofer must have lost its thrill.

But when he landed in town late in December, there she was. Plain enough, too, that Larry was all ready to begin where they'd left off.

"We're celebrating New Year's Eve," he told me jubilantly. "A bang-up party at Antonio's. Meet us at eleven forty-five and bring a dame."

ANTONIO'S was decked out like a circus. Colored lights all over and a big 1935 ready to flash on at midnight.

Larry's doll was decked out to match. Her yellow hair was plastered in scallops against her cheeks. Her eyes glittered. Her lips pouted to be kissed. She made me sick.

There were eight at our table. Turning to talk to the girl next to me, I spotted a narrow-shouldered dark man hunched on a stool at the bar just outside the room. He looked as if he hadn't slept in weeks. And his eyes burrowed into Larry's shirt front like ferrets.

I watched him. "Here's to 1935!" shouted Larry, and raising his glass of champagne, leaned across it to kiss the pouting lips. I put my glass on the table, jumped up, and made for the man at the bar. I'd seen his hand crawl out of his coat.

Just then midnight sirens shrieked. The lights dimmed, went out. 1935 flamed over the doorway. In the midst of the shouting, the kisses, came another kind of flash, another kind of sound. The ping of a bullet through the air. There was a yell. A scramble. 1935 faded and the room was ablaze.

But the man in front of the bar had vanished. The big bartender in charge had him halfway down the stairs.

I hurried back to Larry. He was sitting there, with the waiter leaning anxiously over him.

"It's all right, sir. I put it on the table just before the lights went out. You left it some months ago and Mr. Antonio kept it in the safe until you'd come again."

Directly in front of Larry stood a little gold urn. There was a small hole in one side and a slight bulge on the other, but the bullet had been stopped there.

THE END



# From

# Berlin

by PRINCESSES

READING TIME 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EURO

## HIGH-HITTER!

What are these Berlin people jabbering about? I keep hearing them say, "High-hitter, high-hitter!" Then I notice placards on all the walls, and the placards insist that "*The German greeting is Heil Hitler.*" But from saying it morning, noon, and night, every one speeds it up now so that it sounds like nothing but "high-hitter."

Adolf himself was away in the country when I reached Berlin; I didn't see him. Didn't see Goering or Goebbels either, or any of the Nazi nabobs. They were all rustivating. Not that I cared! What I came to look at and meet again was the Berlin I used to know—the city of good, strong, quiet people who befriended me when I first got out of Russia during the red terrors of revolution.

In many ways I found the same clean, active, slightly *hick* metropolis that Berlin always has appeared to me to be. Yet I found changes—deep changes—some for better and some for worse. Many of my old friends were gone—exiled. I missed them. I think Germany will miss them one day even more than I.

Among Berlin's better changes, the great cult of health is instantly impressive, amazingly manifested. Smart Berlin women now wear as little make-up as possible; none if they can do without.

The vogue here is to have a natural, *unmade-up*-looking face. Berlin women no longer powder their noses in public, no longer smoke in public. It's fashionable not to.

Night life is out; home parties with family music are in style. I was told that sheet-music sales are booming for the first time in years.

Everybody talks and talks about next summer's Olympic Games.

Unter den Linden lies buried under an awful mess of construction sheds and

torn-up paving blocks and steam shovels. A subway to the Olympic stadium is being dug beneath the famous street of trees.

## • Brevities Berlinesque:

Every one sings old-fashioned songs this year in Berlin, the most popular being, *Ich schiess den Hirsh im wilden Forst*—I Shot the Stag in a Wild Forest. . . . Every one drives open automobiles, taking you out for rides that blow your permanent to quick destruction. . . . Bright flowers on balconies all over town make Berlin lovely to look at in the summertime. . . . Hans Kerll, state Under-Secretary for Church Affairs, is the only dancing official in the Hitler cabinet; at Goering's wedding Kerll was best man and danced with all the dames.



BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN

. . . Café sitters everywhere in Berlin munch a peculiar sandwich called the Refined Husband—roast veal on rye with sliced pickle, anchovy, horse-radish, and mayonnaise. . . . Hitler wears gray or blue business suits; no other colors in mufti. He walks a lot and won't carry a cane. . . . Outlandish Berlin habit of serving ice-cold brandy. . . . Fourteen pet dogs that once belonged to Frederick the Great buried in grandeur at the Sans Souci Palace, with marble statues of Roman emperors on majestic guard around the dog cemetery. . . . Berlin policemen and firemen still the youngest, handsomest in the world. . . . Thin, merry, sportive Rudolph Hess, Egypt-born, aviation officer and ski jumper, is Hitler's closest personal pal.

• Trude is a Berlin debutante, Alma works in a factory, Katrine is a farm-bred servant girl, Hertha is specializing at college in art and ancient history, Gretel is the daughter of an army officer belonging to the old nobility.

For several months they have been living and working together on a farm near Berlin, sharing the household tasks and some of the outdoor labor.

Groups of girls and boys from every social stratum are undertaking similar projects all over Germany, directed by *Arbeits Dienst*—the German Working Service—an organization dedicated to the experiment of trying to cure class prejudice and class misunderstanding.

The aim is to teach young Germans of all classes to get on together; to teach them the responsibilities of the individual to the community and of the community to the individual; also to teach young people of the cities and of the farms how to reconcile their differences.

So Gretel learns from Katrine to milk cows, Alma and Trude learn to take care of babies, and Hertha reads books to them in the evening after her household chores are done.

I was taken to see them at their farm. They said they enjoyed the months spent together there. In their case I believe the experiment has been successful. It is a profoundly interesting attempt, I think, at applied socialism.

• From the Alps a vacationing relative sent home some edelweiss flowers to a Berlin friend of mine. The Berlin post office told her she couldn't have her Alpine posies without a special permit from the Ministry of Agriculture. "Oke," she said (or words to that effect). "I don't want them that much. Just throw 'em away."





# to the

# Ladies!

## ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

ND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

"Oke," said the post office. "Sign these papers."

She signed, started to go, was stopped. "If," said the post-office man, "we throw away, destroy, or otherwise dispose of your edelweiss—that will cost you thirty-five cents."

Thrift is now the watchword here, and the government is alert to turn a pfennig wherever possible. Had an experience of my own:

They count your American cash at the frontier to see that you don't bring out more than you took in. The lad who counted mine overlooked three one-dollar bills. I already had my German money, so those dollar bills were still in my purse when I left the country. Do you think the checker-upper didn't spot them? He did indeed. And a fine efficient fuss he made! That, of course, was his job.



HENDRICK VANDERBILT DURYEA

● The new importance of women in business life has added another duty to our long list of cultural obligations. Women have always been homemakers, always have led the way in domestic arts and refinements. Now we branch out. We work in offices. Therefore it behooves us to be officemakers as well as homemakers—to keep a wise eye on the progressive trends in office equipment and office decoration.

For one thing, we ought to know about Hendrick Vanderbilt Duryea and his mural photographs. Mr. Duryea

is beautifying many of our classiest business places. He does it with photographic enlargements, hand-colored, of antique maps and modernistic camera studies, portraits and landscapes, seascapes and skyscapes. He gets some very striking effects. In the John C. Wilson office—American headquarters of Noel Coward—he has covered one whole wall with a great big photo full of life-sized actresses

and actors in a dramatic scene from the Coward play, *Bitter Sweet*. Other big murals of his are in Radio City, the offices of the Cunard Line, offices of the Grace Line and the Italian Line, many hotels, clubs, etc. Take a good look at them the first chance you have. They represent the smartest, most modern art idea.

"With photography," Mr. Duryea told me, "we are creating a new field of decoration which can go for its subjects to any source in nature, science, or machinery. By enlargement and arrangement of appropriate photographs, we are able to decorate any office or any home with pictures of special significance, and we can do it quickly and at low cost."

His home decorations are unusual, too. For a society woman who owns race horses he did a private bar with all the walls picturing a race she had won—the horse

starting, taking the lead, winning the race, also close-ups of the jockey, the trainer, etc. A clever room. Conversation never lags there.

Hendrick Duryea used to be a mechanical engineer, is an amateur flier, was born in New York. In business he calls himself by his nickname—*Drix* Duryea.

● Visiting doctors at a certain New York hospital are surprised to see a distinguished woman physician of the staff trotting around there barefooted. She has charge of the research laboratory, and never wears shoes at her work. Goes barefoot summer and winter.

Her feet, by the way, are uncommonly handsome, delicate, small. She does *not* rouge her toenails.

● "Next month starts the football season," said a mother I know. "That's when my worries begin."

"What team does your son play on?" I asked her.

"My boy doesn't play," she replied, "but I have two daughters who go to see the games."

She explained:

"They *won't* wear warm enough underclothes. All through October and November they come home half frozen every Saturday afternoon. To be sure, they wear fur coats and drink hot drinks—but you know that drinks and coats cannot protect a girl against the danger of sitting for hours in a cold windy place. It strikes me they ought to understand the danger themselves—they who pretend to be so up-to-date in sex matters—yet they refuse to listen to a word of warning."

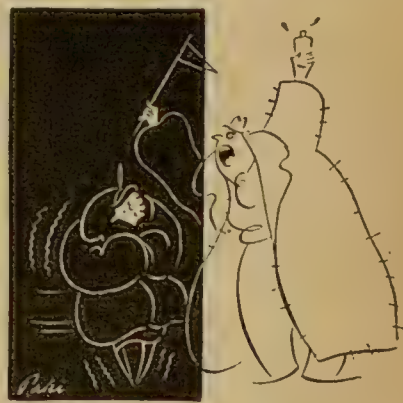
This mother is right. Girls who go to football games on cold days ought to wear wool pants.

Any doctor will tell you how perilous it is for young women to risk a severe chill.

● Valuable reading for nearly all of us is Dr. John Rathbone Oliver's book, *The Ordinary Difficulties of Everyday People*. (Published by Macmillan.)

● An excellent Flemish recipe combines ham with braised endive and a cheese sauce. I know the combination seems unusual—but, believe me, it *tastes* grand.

Braise the endives gently in butter, then roll each one in a thin slice of ham and place in a fireproof dish. Prepare a white cream sauce, adding the yolk of an egg and plenty of cheese. Cover the ham-endive rolls with the sauce and brown in oven. Serve very hot.





# Vox Pop

## HOTEL ROOMS IN WASHINGTON

PITTSBURGH, PA.—After reading in July 6 Liberty "Help!" Cries the Washington Hostess, by Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, which reflected unfavorably on the hotel situation in the capital, I wrote to my friend, Mr. Harry P. Somerville, managing director of the Willard Hotel in Washington, inquiring if the condition outlined in said article is true.

Here is his reply:

I also noticed in the recent article in Liberty the inference by Anna Roosevelt Boettiger that Washington hotels were filled to overflowing and that it was very difficult to get reservations.

While it is true that the hotels of Washington have enjoyed good business since the advent of the present administration, nevertheless it is far from the fact to state that we are constantly crowded. With the exception of the month of April, and possibly convention periods, there are ample hotel rooms available in this city for all who wish to visit the nation's capital, ranging from the low-priced accommodations in the more modest hotels up to the finest available in the luxury class.

I feel that such articles deter people from coming to Washington, and I wish there were some way to combat this information, which is not correct in its entirety.

Your legion of readers is entitled to know the correct facts about this matter.—W. Earl Bothwell.

## GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS?

ROYAL CENTER, IND.—If we don't cut out all the damned fighting it'll soon be too dark to play ball.—Edwin C. Porter.



## ABOLISH THE ARGUMENT

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—After thoroughly perusing the article proffered by "Ex-Sailor" in August 3 Vox Pop, I come to the conclusion the afore-mentioned person can't quite make up his mind whether he prefers to abolish the Marine Corps or the present discussion in Liberty.

Taking it all into consideration, we must agree that all the services are necessary to the safety of our country and that as individuals our suggestions are quite useless. The chaps taking part in this discussion allow service prejudice to affect them.

Allow me to suggest the discontinuation of these "personal service arguments" in Liberty. It only tends to the

ultimate dissolution of the friendship now existing between the services. Only a "boot" would start such a malicious controversy and it requires very few "boots" to prolong it.—John E. Thompson, Private, U.S.M.C.

[The argument is hereby abolished.—Vox Pop Editor.]

## WISH WE COULD, TOO

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—You, Mr. Editor, are getting out a splendid magazine, and I want to congratulate you.

The article by Miss Pickford in August 17 Liberty is one of the finest that I have ever read. Wish you could get her to write some more. Such articles are very helpful at this time.

The story of the Emden is most instructive and enlightening.

Keep up the good work. You and your staff are doing a marvelous job.—Eugene C. Bogert.

## IF THAT'S THINKING!...

CHICAGO, ILL.—August 17 Vox Pop contains an item, Less . . . Entertainment, and is signed "Thinker."

If the party who sent in said item really thinks, then I am more than fortunate in my lack of thinking ability.

Heaven forbid extending radio sponsors' time to "sell their wares." The bulk of such blather insults one's intelligence enough as it is. Give them more time and they will be growing us third sets of teeth and making us live to be 500—and who wants to?

Wow! If an extension of what we now get dinned at us day and night is intellectual, then I'll take vanilla, and thank the good Lord that I ain't educated in any sense of the word, but rather am just what I sign myself to be.—A Dummy.

KENOSHA, WIS.—Of all the brainless, nitwitted, dumb, senseless letters I've read in Vox Pop the one from the "Thinker" is the leader of them all. A radio is for entertainment or learning, not lengthy discussions on advertising.

If that's "thinking" I'm glad I never began.—A Satirist.

[Hosts of Vox Poppers lambasted "Thinker." Among them were: D. C. Baldwin, Decatur, Ill.; Hannah Becker, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Geo. B. Concanon, Alma, Ark.; D. W. Evans, Brooklyn, N. Y.; G. G. Farthing, Beckley, W. Va.; B. F. Frankson, St. Paul, Minn.; Donald Graham, Worcester, Mass.; Earl Graves, Wichita, Kan.; Margaret Hansen, Chicago, Ill.; Doran Henry, Fort Payne, Ala.; Daniel Boone Herring, Los Angeles, Calif.; Esther B. Hibner, San Diego, Calif.; Browne C. Lucas, Stanleytown, Va.; C. D. Olson, Allaben, N. Y.; Gaylord E. Ravenal, Los Angeles, Calif.; Joe Robkin, Atlanta, Ga.; Dick Simkins, Grand Rapids, Mich.; C. L. Slager, Cleveland, Ohio; Marion York, Milton, Mass.; Kenneth Weston, Altus, Okla.—Vox Pop Editor.]

## THE HUMAN ANGLE GONE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—As a sincere and experienced drinking man, I say that Repeal, as far as I am concerned, is a failure! Both Al Smith and F. Scott McBride have much to learn on this question.

I enjoyed drinking in the Prohibition days, for then it was an adventure! Now, the purchase and consumption of liquor is as commonplace as the buying of a newspaper. I'm disgusted. So much so that I'm going on the wagon.

If everybody is to be allowed to purchase liquor, then you can count me out. I have pride. Too much pride to make myself common just because it's legal.

There was a thrill in climbing a flight of back stairs to knock at a certain door. There was delightful expectancy in the discovery of a new place. There was smug satisfaction in being able to say "Joe sent me." There was a certain prestige to be gained in knowing who to see and where to get it. You certainly cannot do a man much of a favor now



by merely pointing out a café or a liquor store.

The joy of the chase. The good old speakeasy. The tingle of apprehension in fear of raid or arrest. All these are gone. There, my friends, was the human angle, of which politicians and moralists know nothing. Repeal. Bah!—J. B.

## PERRY MASON ASTRIDE A BRONCO

ROME, GA.—I feel certain that the Vox Pop (August 17) from Ramsey, New Jersey, about Perry Mason's coupé becoming a taxi would not have been written had its author read the denouement of The Case of the Caretaker's Cat first.

Surely, surely he can afford to grant one concession to a man whose mind can conceive such a complicated plot as this. As far as I am concerned, Perry Mason could have ridden home astride a bronco, and I wouldn't complain, since the bulk of the story was quite consistent and captivating.—Doris Dellinger.

## ANOTHER THINNING OUT

BAY MINETTE, ALA.—I agree with Lafayette McLaws of Tampa, Florida, upon the suggestion of thinning out the shyster lawyers along with the cotton, wheat, and what have you.

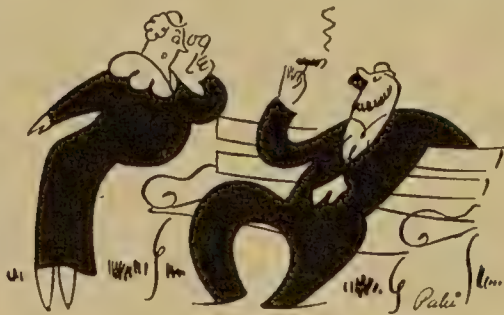
And I would like to suggest the thinning out of another august body. I refer to a thinning out of our legislative bodies, both national and state. There are many legislators in state and nation who could be "thinned out" for all time to the advantage of all concerned.—Mrs. Leonard J. Hooper.



## GOLDEN AGE OF HOBOES

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The depression is the finest thing that ever came over the pike. Men and women have more time to lie under the shade of trees, take sun baths, meditate upon what life is all about and learn to become thinkers than at any time in all history.

As a hobo I am profound enough to prophesy that inside of half a century



America will be a vast continent of hoboies. The golden age is ahead of man, and not in the dim past.—*Dan O'Brien, Rex.*

## HAGAR WILDE'S NEWSPAPER

CONCORDIA, KAN.—In her Mattie's Diary of August 10, Hagar Wilde showed that she was not familiar with the workings of a newspaper. A newspaper in a town of 20,000 wouldn't be a "small town" newspaper. A newspaper wouldn't have a circulation of 10,000 in a town of 20,000.

She had the hero of the story being reporter, editor, caption editor (that's the head writer to those who know the difference), and contact man. A paper that size would need at least three reporters, and one man for each of the other jobs. People and doctors don't call reporters, as Hagar Wilde relates; it's up to the reporter to find out for himself. It's not a bad idea for writers to write about things with which they are best familiar.—*Orlando Blackburn.*

## COUNT 23 LINES A MINUTE

OMAHA, NEB.—Why and how does Liberty estimate "reading time" for each article? I never could quite understand it. I have never yet been able to read any article in the time allotted.—*M. H. A.*

## WHO CARES?

HIGHLAND PARK, MICH.—Who cares if Dyaks do or do not communicate by "sending"? Or whether darts of sumpitans are made of bamboo or nipong palms? Or whether Dyaks have the arts down pat or if they dry and dwarf their heads or not! (Vox Pop, August 10.) The Man Who Played God Five Times was swell stuff to read any way you look at it.

I like to stickle for details myself; I dote on accuracy. And H. Bedford-Jones is one

of the most accurate writers writing these days of half-truths and misinformation.

But when I sit down to read I want to be entertained, not informed. I can get accurate (fairly accurate) information from any atlas, encyclopedia, or dictionary.—*B. E. Little.*

## "WHOLE WORLD GOING CRAZY?"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I am prepared to answer Mr. Macfadden's question, Is the Whole World Going Crazy? (August 17 Liberty).

Here it is:

If we go on as we have been going on, in three years half the population in the U. S. A. will be in the bughouse and the other half will be in the poorhouse. Kismet!—*C. S. Wasweyler, M.D.*

BECKLEY, W. VA.—Until I read Bernarr Macfadden's comment on the Constitution in his August 17 editorial I had thought of the Constitution as a most excellent framework.

To me, it had been wrought by the original drafters, and given flesh and blood by the needs of an expanding country through judicial interpretation and extension, through many amendments, and through a long-developed regard by the people it serves. Recognition by them of its great value necessarily followed its years of stability.

With some exceptions, I had thought that the changes made in it in the past by such judicial interpretation and amendments and public opinion were most excellent. But now I see that its inflexibility is its most important attribute.

Long may it stand, as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and let us, together with the utilities magnates and other captains of finance, bow down not to the Constitution itself but to its protecting inflexibility.—*Barrister.*



"You needn't throw yourself outta joint. Nothing could change my mind about Johnny."

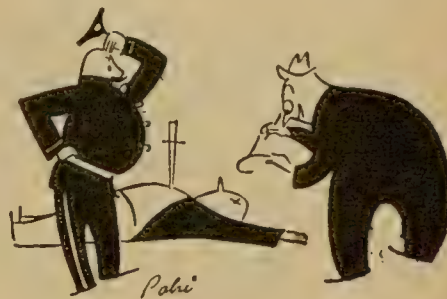
## A CRATER IS DEFIED

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Mr. Crater of San Jose, California (August 17 Vox Pop), is such a rabid Democrat that he calls Liberty a scandal sheet because it publishes exactly what its readers want—the opinion of the public.

It always struck me that Vox Pop was a clearinghouse for just such opinions and I defy him to find any magazine more fair in giving both sides of any question.—*Helen Kay Young.*

## POLICEMEN TIP THEM OFF

MONROE, N. C.—W. J. Wall, in voicing his sentiments in your July 27 Vox Pop, may be right about newspapers keeping criminals informed; but still, how can the newspapers get the predetermined



movements of the law unless its minions tell them what they expect to do—just to get their names printed!

These snooping reporters don't have to be so very smart when the policemen themselves tip them off.—*Charles Cunningham.*

## GERMANS SEEM TO LIKE IT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Now all this uproar about the National Social Government (Nazis) in Germany. You read of Hitler terrorizing the Jews, the Catholics, the Protestants, Steel Helmets, Freemasonry—well, everybody. But how come that 90 per cent of the Germans are perfectly satisfied with that rule? Something very strange and amiss about all this.—*Oswald Deil.*

## WHY ALIENS SHOULD NOT BE DEPORTED

EAST RAINELLE, W. VA.—I notice in July 20 Vox Pop an outcry by Mr. G. R. Taggart against the influx of aliens into the United States. He even suggests that our President take up the project of deporting such aliens as have not complied with our selfishly conceived immigration laws.

Such a proposal is conspicuous for its asininity. Deportation would not materially decrease unemployment. For the industrial vacancies would never be filled because of the decrease in purchasing power resulting from the decrease in population such a procedure would entail.—*Joseph D. Sharp.*



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Modern Novel of Thwarted  
Romance and Tangled Lives**

by **V I Ñ A  
D E L M A R**

Author of *Bad Girl* and *Sadie McKee*



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**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE**

**P**RETTY Sherry Mack, café singer, and Ted Earle, a pianist madly in love with her, are engaged as entertainers at the Palais de la Mer on the New Jersey coast for the summer. During a performance they meet an oddly contrasted party of three: Frederica Wheaton, who is called "Freddie," her persistent and devoted suitor, Clint Clemons, and their mutual friend, Roy Richards.

Tired of his hourly proposals of marriage, Clint and Freddie bicker and quarrel, and she finally orders him to go home and stay there. Sullenly Clint staggers out of the place, but Sherry declares it murder to let him drive home. Thereupon Ted Earle pokes the intoxicated man in the jaw and prevents him going. Freddie is furious at the two café entertainers.

Out of sheer perversity Clint has Sherry made a member of the exclusive Silver Sand Beach Club, and invites her to go for a ride with him. He drives like a maniac, frightens Sherry, and is arrested for speeding. Though fascinated by the reckless fellow, Sherry denounces him for his conduct.

Meanwhile Roy Richards has become enamored of the café singer, and Ted, her faithful slave, asks her to marry him.

Refusing his offer, she confesses her overpowering interest in Clint, for whom she hardly exists.

To get away from Clint's constant importunities, Freddie leaves Sea Edge and goes to the Tysons, friends of hers in New York. Roy, driving Clint to Newark to collect the latter's monthly rents, also takes Sherry on the trip. She leaves them in Newark to do some shopping in New York, where Roy promises to meet her in the car for the return trip.

Clint goes with Roy to the metropolis, visits Freddie, who again turns down his offer of marriage. On the way back to Sea Edge, Clint pays marked and flattering attention to Sherry, invites her to dinner, and asks her to marry him. Hardly believing her ears, she accepts. Learning of this, to him, spite marriage, Roy tries to prevent it, but he is too late. Sherry and Clint have gone up to New York for the ceremony.

**PART THREE—THE HOUSE OF DOOM**

**R**OY learned later that Clint had chosen New York because it had been part of his plan to take his bride directly from City Hall to the Tyson apartment. Clint had seemed so anxious to tell Freddie his news and to start the two girls off on a newer, firmer footing. Those had been his words. He had been disappointed that Freddie and the Tysons had left town. However, he had guessed that she had taken her friends to the Sea Edge farm, so he and Sherry started back to the shore immediately without celebrating their wedding in New York as Sherry had fully expected they would.

These things Roy learned later, and he was surprised at the sudden fury that possessed him when he imagined



the scene at the Tysons' had Freddie been there. Clint had not figured Sherry as a person. She was just a "prop" in his act; the piece of string stretched across the stairs by a practical joker. And she loved him so. Roy wished that he could forget that look of warm contentment she had worn in the moonlight. He wished he could forget a lot of things.





Clint and Sherry had gone to Freddie's farm and had found it deserted. Then they had proceeded to call upon Roy. He had not gone to the office, and his father, with unexpected sympathy, had passed no comment.

As he lay in the den, pretending to sleep, the honking of a horn in the street did not penetrate to his conscious mind. It was not a horn with which he was acquainted. After a minute or two a servant came timidly into the den and said that she thought Mr. Clemons was outside.

Roy ran to the front door and looked out. He saw Sherry and Clint in one of the hired limousines from the Sunrise Hills Hotel.

Roy went to them and invited them into his house. They refused.

"I've got to have a drink," Clint said. "Root beer is all a person can ever get in your house."

"I'm hungry," Sherry said. "We didn't have any lunch."

"We're going to the Italian place. Thought you might like to come along."

Roy drove his car out of the garage and Clint dismissed the chauffeur and limousine. There was no question today as to where Sherry would sit. She got into the back seat, and there she stayed, but Clint sat up in front with Roy.

"I like the front seat," he explained. "It's almost as good as driving."

"Could we all sit in front?" Sherry asked.

"No, it's too crowded that way," he told her. Since Sherry seemed contented, Roy guessed that nothing worse than minor insults had so far been dealt her.

Clint demanded his drink long before they reached the Italian place, so they made a stop. The stop lasted two

hours. Sherry took the edge off her healthy appetite by munching potato chips and salted peanuts.

Roy finally extricated Clint from the wily coils of a slot machine that had already swallowed thirty dollars' worth of quarters. But the Italian restaurant was still far away. Clint had to make two more stops.

There were little questioning lines growing between Sherry's eyebrows. Clint appeared to have forgotten both her and the recent ceremony. Not once had he mentioned to his beloved bartenders nor to any of the people with whom he opened conversations that he had just been married.

"He doesn't seem happy," she said to Roy. "What's the matter with him?"

"Nothing. He does this almost every day."

"He hasn't spoken to me or paid any attention to me. He acts as though I were with you."

"He's crooked, Sherry. You mustn't mind."

She smiled suddenly and said, "I'm a fool. I'm so crazy about him that I keep studying everything he says and does. He warned me that he'd be a handful, and here I am grouching on the first day."

She stood with her back to the bar, her elbows behind her, resting on the mahogany-veneer surface. She had left her hat in the car and her smooth braids caught the light which streamed into the room through amber glass. She was so lovely, so perfect. Why didn't he just pick her up and carry her away? thought Roy. Years ago men had carried women away.

IT was after six o'clock when they reached the Italian place. Sherry was famished but Clint had drunk too much to feel any hunger. Roy had promised to be home for dinner. He hated to leave Sherry with the sullenness that had grown on Clint with every drink but he could not shield her forever. He left them in the restaurant after arranging to call back for them at eight o'clock.

"If I'm not here on the dot of eight don't think I've forgotten. I'll be along."

Roy was barely seated at dinner when he was called to the telephone.

It was Freddie, longing to be assured that everything was going nicely and that Clint was behaving.

"Where are you, Freddie? Did you get my wire?"

"No. Has something happened to Clint?"

"He's all right. Where are you?"

"At Bayside, Long Island, with the Tysons. They have friends here. What did you wire about?"

"I wanted you to come home. It's too late now. Freddie, Clint got married this morning."

He waited. Finally she said, "Married?" Another pause. Then she spoke with brisk determination:

"Everything's for the best, I suppose. Who is the girl?"

"Sherry Mack."

"Oh, the café girl. Well, it's a good thing for her, I suppose."

"No," said Roy, "it isn't. Nothing could be worse. I'll call you later, Freddie, if you want to leave the number. We're just having dinner."

He was ashamed of himself for being so short with her. But knowing Clint as she did, there was no excuse for her pretending that Sherry had captured a prize.

She said, "No. Don't call me. I'm coming home."

"What for? They're married, I tell you."

"I know, but I want to see him."

"For God's sake, Freddie, don't do that to the girl! Don't show her on her wedding day that you're the only one who counts."

"Why not? She didn't show me any quarter. For all



she knew, I was going to marry him myself some day. She didn't care about that, did she? She vamped him without thinking of me. She—"

He suddenly hung up the receiver on her harsh throaty sobs.

Sherry sat in the Italian restaurant in Long Branch. Clint was very drunk. Every so often he would look at her gravely as though wondering what she was doing there.

"Aren't you going to eat the spumoni?" she asked him.

"No, I am not going to eat the spumoni."

"But you made such a fuss about getting it."

"Suppose I did?"

"Nothing, only I thought you were crazy mad about it."

"Well, I'm not. I hate it."

She said, "Then I won't make you eat it. I'll never have it for dessert."

He said, "You can have it all you like. I don't care what you eat."

"I meant when I was planning our menus."

He did not reply.

She thought, "I wish he hadn't drunk so much." She had thought of her father so often today, for at City Hall she had written her full name, and Clint had seized upon it at once and had called her Sherwin throughout the morning.

He was methodically moving back the plates and clearing a space on the tablecloth.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

For answer he crossed his arms in the cleared space and, burying his head in them, appeared to go fast asleep.

At five minutes past eight Roy walked into the restaurant. He glanced at Clint and said, "Well, I guess you've had a jolly time."

"Oh, I didn't mind," she replied. "I knew you'd come back."

He said, "I always will," and their eyes met and they smiled.

He pulled Clint into a sitting position by the simple expedient of grasping him by the hair. Then he dug his

thumbs into special places beneath the ears which he assured Sherry was exceedingly painful and guaranteed to awaken any one who wasn't dead.

Clint responded to the treatment with a groan and an oath. After a time he opened his eyes, consented to drink some coffee, and finally he walked with them to the car.

It was after nine now and there was a stiff wind blowing along the ocean front.

"This is a funny summer's night," Sherry said to Roy.

"Yes," he said. "We're getting a northeaster. There was a cyclone down in the South yesterday. We always get the tail end of those things. They're quite exciting if you've never seen one." He studied the sky with a practiced glance. "It'll hit here in about two hours in full force."

Sherry helped Clint get settled in the rear seat and they drove to Sea Edge without a word being spoken between the three of them. When the car stopped at the great house on the ocean Clint needed no awakening. The black coffee and the howling wind had evidently lifted him out of his torpor. He stepped out of the car and fumbled for his key. Still silently the three of them walked into the house. Roy snapped on the light and Sherry looked about her with lively interest.

THE living room was a well proportioned room with austere furnishings and not so much as a matchbox to show that humans had used it.

Over the fireplace there were two portraits in oil: A man who looked somewhat like Clint but was heavier in build and more at ease with the world. A dark-haired woman with a wide red mouth and an insolent stare. His parents, of course. The man was in business clothes, but the woman was in evening dress, and the artist had slyly put the same hard brilliance into her eyes that gleamed in the diamond choker which encircled her slim white neck.

Sherry walked over to the fireplace and stood looking up at the portraits.

"Well," Clint demanded, "what's so damn curious about them?"

"Nothing curious about them. They're charming. Your father and mother, aren't they?"

"What do you think?"

She turned away from the portraits, keenly aware that he had resented her absorption in them.

"Have they both passed away?" she asked him.

"Yes, they've both passed away, and you know damn well that they have. Anything else you'd like to ask about?"

Her interest in the portraits had somehow filled him with a flaming hatred toward her.

"Clint," she said, "I would like to have known your parents. I'm sorry they've passed away and I'm sorry I spoke of them if it disturbs you. My interest in them is natural, don't you think, seeing that—"

"I'm sick of people being interested in them. Shut up, can't you? I don't give a hoot in hell whether your interest is natural or not. Is that plain enough?"

She was about to reply when an automobile horn sounded in the street outside. Clint leaped to his feet and rushed to the door.

He bounded down the steps of the veranda and the wind seized the door and banged it. Sherry ran to the veranda just in time to see Clint climb into the car at the curb and drive away.

She walked back into the house.

"He's got a snootful, Sherry," Roy said. "He doesn't know what he's doing."

"Was that Freddie Wheaton?"

"Yes."

"Does she know he's married?"

"Yes. She's probably had too much to drink herself. Everything will be all right tomorrow."

"I wonder if it will. Roy, I'm frightened. I don't understand anything. He sounded as though he hated me when I spoke about his parents."

Roy looked soberly up at the portraits, then back to the troubled face of the girl beside him.



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"Well, you see, his mother is thought to have murdered his father."

She said, "Oh, my God!" A second later she said, "Poor Clint. You mean she was actually tried for murder?"

"Oh, yes. My father was her lawyer. She was acquitted, but somebody murdered Clint's father and there are still people who say it was she."

Sherry, with her eyes fixed on the portrait, backed into the divan and sat, fascinated by the story that Roy had to tell.

Melville Clemons's bride, who had been Eleanor Clinton, had not pleased her in-laws. She was a coolly self-centered young woman, unwilling to take part in their social or domestic life. The climax came with the birth of her son, whom she chose to call Clinton. The first boy had been Melville in the Clemons clan for a hundred years, and her refusal to adhere to tradition caused a clean and lasting break between Eleanor and her in-laws. Her husband, however, continued to adore her. She was docile and smiling when pretty dresses and costly gifts were forthcoming. Sharp-tongued and mean when she was denied the slightest pleasure.

Then one day, when Clint was fourteen years old, his father died. He had not been ill. Nobody could remember that he had complained of an ache or a pain. A servant remarked that Mrs. Clemons had prepared the dessert at the last meal her husband had eaten. A dessert of which nobody partook except Mr. Clemons himself. A newspaper reporter discovered that none of the servants had ever before seen or heard of Mrs. Clemons doing any cookery. An aunt of the dead man had once heard Eleanor declare that she would be the happiest widow on earth. An autopsy revealed arsenic in the stomach of the deceased.

Hampton Richards, who had known the Clemons family for years, was Eleanor's lawyer. He gave the jury a soft, stupid, loving wife who was bowed down with the weight of this bewildering accusation. The lady was acquitted.

ELEANOR CLEMONS went home to her house on the ocean front and discharged all the servants. She hired two to replace the half dozen she had sent away. She was a changed woman. She put her jewels in the safe-deposit vault at the bank and never took them out again. She had no interest in her son and was completely unaware of the fact that he was passionately devoted to her and would have willingly given his life to prove it. She did not notice that he rarely went to school and that his only friends were the son of Hampton Richards and the Wheaton girl, who was as wild as a young Indian.

Six years after her trial they found her in her bedroom with a gun in her hand that had belonged to Melville's father. A few people said the horror of the trial had completely deranged

her, but most people said that justice had at last been done.

"You say all this happened right here?"

"Yes, right here, Sherry."

She went to the window and looked out into the noisy darkness. The ocean was throwing itself against the beach with mad abandon. The wind screamed. The rain was coming down in a solid endless sheet.

Suddenly she wheeled upon Roy and asked, "What is all this between Freddie and Clint?"

"All what?"

"Have Clint and Freddie been— Oh, well, you wouldn't tell me. You'd say you didn't know."

He said, "I know what you were going to ask and I won't say I don't know. I'll tell you positively that they are not and never have been."

She said, "How could you possibly know?"

"You'll have to take my word. I know."

SHE dropped wearily into a chair. Roy saw her looking at the time. "Well," he said, "I guess I'd better be going. It's almost midnight."

"It's raining so hard," she said.

"What's a little rain? I don't care. I have to get some sleep. Will you be all right, Sherry?"

"Of course. Why not? Clint will be along any minute."

"Oh, sure," he agreed. "Any minute now."

She walked the few steps to the door and opened it for him. The storm stamped into the hall and marched upstairs, making a strange fluttering noise on the upper landing.

"There's some wallpaper hanging loose up there," Roy said. "It's the wind blowing it that's making that noise."

She smiled. "I guessed it was something like that."

"Well, I'll probably see you tomorrow. Good night."

She closed the door and watched from the window as he started his car and drove away.

In her mind's eye she followed him home to that house of his which she had glimpsed earlier in the day. A large white house, cheerful and bright. He had a family there—parents, a sister, a brother-in-law, and the baby. It must be nice to drive home to them. To push against the wind and the rain knowing that at the end of the road was warmth and peace and love. Roy was lucky, she thought, and wondered if he knew his luck.

She moved away from the window and sat down uneasily on the divan. She didn't remember ever having known such uneasiness and uncertainty before. What ought she to do? She wondered if anywhere in the house there was a book to read. There must be a book or a pack of cards or something with which to pass the time. There was more to the house than this one lifeless room. She looked at the piano and wished that she were able to play, and she thought of Ted. He was at his white piano



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now and he was smiling his engaging smile and singing his little songs. But to whom? Few people would have cared to go dancing tonight.

Her hands ached to reach out for a newspaper or a magazine. She did not particularly desire to read, but there was something unnatural about a room in which there was nothing that nervous hands could pick up and examine. Not a piece of bric-à-brac. Not a vase or a decanter. Carpet, chairs, divan, piano, marble-topped table. That was all. Except the portraits.

She found herself staring at the painted likeness of Eleanor Clemons and she forced her eyes away from it. She must learn to accept that face as she accepted the carpet or the piano. Part of the room. Not the picture of a probable murderer. It was just a family portrait, her mother-in-law. Thousands of homes had such portraits. There was no need to stare at it as though it was something extraordinary.

She got up, walked the length of the room, and glanced back at the picture of Eleanor Clemons. The eyes appeared to be following her. She had known that she would glance back and she had known that the eyes would appear to be following her. Still, it was a shock.

She thought, "I'd better get out of this room before my own silliness drives me mad."

She opened a door in the east wall and felt for and found a light switch. She was in the dining room. All but one bulb of the original score had burned out. Fifteen-watt strength dimly showed her a long narrow room done in heavy oak. There was a musty odor of airlessness in the room, and a sudden swift scratching noise in the corner suggested that she had frightened a mouse. There was a magnificent crystal chandelier above the table, and she saw heavy silver bowls and trays on the buffet, but she touched nothing. She stood rooted to the spot on the threshold seeing in fancy Melville Clemons dining for the last time while his wife watched him with brooding, calculating eyes. Sherry turned out the light and closed the door.

She was back in the living room again, and her eyes immediately turned to the portraits. Her father-in-law, she thought, was looking at her sadly, as though he wanted something of her. She counseled herself to think

sensibly. He had not looked at her sadly before she had known of his murder. She must get out of this room and stay out. There were only two ways to leave it: back through the dining room or upstairs.

She went back through the dining room and found a narrow corridor which led to a small den from which everything had been moved except a desk and a sofa. She did not pause a moment there, for Eleanor Clemons in her wedding dress looked at her from the top of the desk, and Sherry knew that Melville had put that photograph there because he had loved her so.

Another corridor, where she could not find the light switch and where she knew a moment of insane panic because it was dark and because the wind screamed with a sudden wild note as though it had found something deliriously exciting.

The kitchen was at the end of the corridor and the lights were bright there. It was the most friendly, most commonplace room she had found in the house. She saw now that she could have reached it directly from the dining room, but in her haste to be quit of the oak table at which Melville Clemons had sat, the service door had been completely missed. She considered preparing some coffee, and spending the rest of the night in the kitchen. But that idea had one drawback. She could have coffee. But when it was drunk she must leave the kitchen.

If Clint returned and found her sitting there he would know that she was frightened by the spectral atmosphere of the house, and he would be scornful and doubtless angry as well. He would consider her ignorant and cheap-minded. She knew instinctively that he would hotly resent the implication that his father and mother would stoop to stalking around a house and frightening insignificant café singers.

Sherry was pleased to observe that she still had her sense of humor, so she rode the fancy further and pictured Clint furiously enraged at the notion that the proud Clemonses would bother to be spooks. It would be undignified and unseemly. She was so delighted with the healthier turn her imagination had taken that she forgot about the coffee and decided to go upstairs.

After all, upstairs was the place to be at this hour. A sensible woman would have gone to bed long ago. She

## The WORLD of TOMORROW

### Earthquake in the Air!

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU are visiting Hollywood, California, where for more than half a century they have been making motion pictures—first what were called "silents"; then the old-fashioned two-dimensional black-and-white, thin-sound "talkies"; and now the chromographs of three dimensions, with three-dimensional sound. You have entree to one of the big studios; and this brilliant sunny afternoon you stand on a ramp balcony overlooking the gigantic stage which is set for a picture called *Earthquake in the Air*.

Of course there could not literally be an earthquake in the air. That's a typical motion-picture title; but the effect of this huge and thrilling climax scene is very similar to a devastating earthquake. The assistant director, who stands beside you and is not busy at the moment, says:

"The War Department is interested in this demonstration. That's the largest sound gun ever built—that one we've got over there."

It's a fictional war picture. It shows war in the year 2000, which isn't very far in the future. The war is between the United States and an unnamed foreign nation. And to make it more startling to you, so that you will spend more money at the box office to see and hear the picture, this purports to be a section of a street in an American city, built here on the gigantic stage before you.

The buildings are solid—brick, stone, and metal. Some of them are fifteen and twenty stories high. And the street now is thronged with



people. The hero and heroine are near one end, with a battery of cameras and microphones trained on them.

And far off to one side, on the top of a little hill, the enemy sound gun is mounted. Only two men of the enemy are wielding it.

An electrical voice roars, "Silence!" The scene has started. The people are shouting, running in aimless panic. Suddenly the enemy gun sends its blast of directed sound. It's a narrow beam, no wider than the street. Invisible vibrations of sound, so intense that they strike like

a solid projectile.

You hear only a dull, horribly sinister, persisting whine. The tall metal buildings are quivering now with communicated vibrations. Five seconds. They're swaying; shaking. Another five seconds—

Earthquake in the air! As though the ground were heaving, the city street comes clattering down with a wild torrential roar—the whole vast scene leveled into a littered chaos.

The actors have all ducked safely into the hidden subterranean escape exits; but the picture will look as though ten thousand people were killed in those ten seconds. You go home, shuddering. Suppose we had a real war, with only two enemy gunners able to do things like that!

Am I fantastic? In New York City, now, in 1935, loud-speakers have been developed capable of hurling "solid sound" in a directional beam, which if turned loose at full power would bring the laboratory walls crashing down. That's not even tomorrow. It's now!



would go upstairs and pick out a room and go to sleep. That was the normal, reasonable thing to do. There were back stairs but they looked darkly forbidding, so she returned to the living room and considered the front stairs. They were not inviting, but at least they were lighted by the living room, and if she wasn't a silly young ignoramus she'd walk up them.

She walked up the stairs, casting a backward glance at the portraits as she ascended. Eleanor Clemons looked secretly amused, she thought, and even Melville seemed no longer sad but slightly contemptuous of her terror. At the top of the stairs her shoulder rubbed against the loose fragment of wallpaper and the rustling noise it made sounded like some invisible watcher cautioning quiet.

Hush-sh-sh. Sherry trembled and caught her hand to her heart. She could hear its frenzied beating and she wondered if young healthy people ever really died of fright. She knew now that it had been the hanging wallpaper that had made that curious sound, but her heart still pounded, and there were the bedrooms that must be explored.

FOR one second she paused at the top of the flight and listened to the weakness that told her that she could not go on. But there was no pleasant alternative. The kitchen, yes, but Clint must believe that she had accepted his home with ease and freedom of movement. He must never know what this night had cost her in fear and horror. At the outset he would loathe her for cowardice and stupidity. Besides, she was a doctor's daughter. Her father had been levelheaded and understanding. If he stood beside her now he would say, "Sherwin, walk down that hall. There is nothing in this house to hurt you except your own imagination."

So she walked down the hall. The rain sounded louder up here and the wind more violent. There was a damp chill, too, for windows somewhere were open and she knew that she must find them. Perhaps one of the rooms was already flooded with the rain.

There was a room at the end of the hall and she walked in. She found the light switch and knew it to be Clint's room. There were two cartons of cigarettes on the bureau and a bottle of brandy. A bathrobe dragged limply over the back of a chair and a pair of patent-leather comfort slippers were beside the bed. The furniture was walnut and the draperies were a heavy monk's-cloth fabric. A comfortable room, neither beautiful nor ugly. Expressionless and dull.

She could have stayed there with the same degree of contentment that she had found in the kitchen, save that the pictured faces of Eleanor and Melville Clemons stared down at her from above Clint's bed. They had been, Sherry reflected, great people for having their likenesses about. These pictures showed Eleanor in a huge hat decorated with a great white bow and Melville in very correct morn-

# If you don't care how old you look—

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ing clothes. Their Easter finery, Sherry thought, on a long-ago Sunday when Melville had proudly paraded to church with his beloved Eleanor on his arm. Or was it Clint's christening?

These two pairs of eyes seemed to survey her with hostility. They resented her in Clint's room. She turned away from them with a slight effort. There was a fascination in those faces. Side by side. The murdered man and his murderess.

She shuddered and forced her attention to the windows. One of them was open and a small pool of water was sopping steadily through the floor. She closed the window and wished she had thought to look at the downstairs ceiling, but it didn't much matter. Nothing could be done except mop up the puddle. She looked around the room for a door which might lead to Clint's bathroom, and then she remembered that when this house was built individual bathrooms had not been regulation equipment.

For a moment she forgot the sinister aspect of the house and rushed into the hall to find a service closet where there might be mops and washcloths. But a half dozen closed doors confronted her and she was daunted by the eeriness of the long gloomy hall. Somewhere a window blind slapped wildly in the wind and made her think of a great dark bird flapping its wings. She ran back to Clint's room and met the cool stare of Eleanor Clemons. Eleanor would burst into laughter any moment at the futility of this girl whom Clint had brought home. Sherry tried to keep her eyes away from the picture.

She said to herself, "I will imagine soon that she is grinning at me, and then I shall die of fright and it will be my own fault for being a fool. I must not look and I must not imagine things."

She sat down and tried to think what to do, but Eleanor Clemons would not leave her alone. Again and again her glance strayed to the photograph, and when she had fancied that she had seen Eleanor's eyes blink, she knew that she had to leave that room.

She must find a room where there was no photograph, a room where she could go to bed and sleep. Tomorrow would be different. But there would be no tomorrow until she had defeated the night. The wind and the pounding of the ocean and the dread of Eleanor Clemons's eyes could be forgotten in sleep.

She walked into the hall and looked at the doors. She said to herself, "I am a weak jittery fool." And she went forward and opened the first door. It was a bathroom, and remembering that she had looked for something with which to absorb the puddle of rain, she took the bath mat back to Clint's room and used it as a mop. Eleanor Clemons appeared to approve of this.

SHERRY wrung out the soaked mat and laid it across the side of the tub. The accomplishment of this task gave her new strength. She suddenly felt normal and sensible again. She wished there were many things she could do that would keep her busy and active and give her mind something more wholesomely commonplace to consider than cold-blooded murder and a haunted woman with a gun in her hand.

When she had finished with the bath mat she heard again the noisy flapping of a window blind, and she wondered if there were other windows open. Resolutely she opened the door next to the bathroom. This was a huge dark bedroom with a great four-poster bed that was stripped of all covering. The blue-and-white mattress lay exposed on the bed and the shades were drawn and the windows unopened. The room had not been used recently, and she stood regarding it as a possibility for the night. She could find sheets and a blanket somewhere, no doubt. Presently she became conscious of a terrible quiet and, in its way, the quiet was as weird and frightening as the scream of the wind.

She tried to be glad that the wind had paused in its lunatic dance about the house, but there was something solemn and awful about the quiet, and suddenly she knew that this was the room in which Melville Clemons had died. On that bed he had died of poison. Through the doorway where she now stood he had been carried down those stairs that she had trod, and Eleanor had wept and

sobbed and had probably kissed his cold mouth and babbled hysterically of the love she had borne him.

Sherry shuddered and stepped back into the hall, closing the door gently. A noise, even one made by herself, would be enough to freeze her with horror. She wanted to go somewhere and sit quietly till daylight came, but there was no corner of the house where fear would not find her.

As she closed the door the wind rose again in powerful fury. It had held its breath, she thought, watching her as she had considered Melville's deathbed. How it would have howled its glee had she settled down to sleep there!

She moved softly along the hall, assuring herself at every step that each noise was the wind or the rain; that each phantom was a shadow. "I must get hold of myself. I must be sensible. This is an old house. Of course it creaks and shivers in a storm like this."

ANOTHER door. She paused for a moment, then flung it open. There was difficulty in locating the door switch, and when she did the room was but feebly lighted by a small bulb. It was a spacious room, beautifully furnished, and without photographs or paintings. She surmised that these mahogany furnishings were genuine antiques. Dainty feminine furniture, graceful in its simplicity.

She walked into the room and was repelled by the thick dust that lay undisturbed in every corner. Even the toilet articles were covered with layers of dust. She tiptoed over to the vanity and looked down at the lovely silver dresser set that was caked with the dust of a decade's gathering. She lifted the mirror and wiped it tenderly with her handkerchief. Some one had loved it. The initials E. C. C. stared up at her. Of course. Why hadn't she known at once? Gingerly she replaced the mirror in its own outline in the dust.

A fear of the living obsessed her then. The dust had not signified neglect. On the contrary it had meant a fierce fanatical desire of Clint's to preserve the room forever as his mother had left it. He would be wild with anger. No explanation would satisfy him. Only time would diminish the magnitude of her sin. Time and the acceptance of the fact that the mirror was no longer sacred. Infidel hands had touched it. But he could see that all else had been left alone.

As she waited for the smothering excitement of her heart to abate, thoughts flashed swiftly through her mind. She had not really known Clint and perhaps never would. She doubted that Roy knew him. Maybe Freddie did, for she was slightly fantastic herself. This room was a menace to sanity. How could a person live normally with this monument to a suicide?

Her eyes wandered to the bed then, and her imagination did the rest. She could see Eleanor Clemons lying there, the smoking gun in her hand, a pool of blood widening around her and dripping to the carpet. But there had been a moment before, when she had clutched the gun, wild-eyed and breathing fast. She had laid herself upon that very bed and had pulled the trigger. In that room. Sherry heard her own breath coming in short gasps. "I am going to die," she thought. "I am too frightened."

She wanted to run, but a paralysis gripped her and held her rooted to the spot. She wanted to scream so that some one would come and lead her from that room. But she had no voice. Suddenly behind her Sherry heard a stealthy sound. She could not wheel around, but slowly she raised her eyes and looked into the mirror above the vanity. The closet door was swinging open. This was not imagination. Some force was opening that door.

And all at once she could scream and run. Through the hall where they had carried Melville and Eleanor she was running on wild swift feet while her voice rose in a piercing shriek against the wind.

She flung open the front door and, slamming it behind her, ran into the storm. The rain pelted at her and soaked her to the skin the second she stepped from beneath the veranda roof. The braids across her head became heavy, and she pulled out the pins and let her hair hang down. The wind whipped and tore at her soaked garments. She was chilled, but it was better to face the storm than the unknown horrors of that evil house.



There was not a creature in sight and not a light to be seen in any house.

She pushed her way down the street. Every step met a protest from the wind. Her teeth were chattering now and she did not know where to go. She thought of the widow's house which she had so light-heartedly left that morning. It was out of the question. The entire Jersey coast would know of Clint's behavior to his bride. The Palais de la Mer was far away, and besides, to enter it in this condition would be to betray Clint to his enemy.

She struggled against the wind and the rain for a few blocks and then she knew that she could go no farther. To go back would be easy. The wind would help her if she wished to return to Clint's ghosts and his house of horrors. She thought of Roy and knew that she could not telephone his house at this hour. Even if she were dying she could not disturb the regular existence of sane people. His family must not be awakened because she was frightened. It was too utterly mad.

She thought of Freddie Wheaton and gritted her teeth. Some day Freddie would pay for this. With terror and grief she would pay.

*But will Freddie Wheaton pay for this night of horror—and how? What is poor Sherry to do in her desperate plight? Read the next issue of Liberty for the renewed conflict.*

She flung open the front door and, slamming it behind her, ran into the storm.





# Flying Madmen

Concluding Adventures  
in the Stirring Real-  
Life Saga of Daredevil  
Americans and Cossack  
Battlefields

by

MARION  
ATEN, D.F.C.

as told to

H. BEDFORD-JONES

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART FIVE—WASHED UP WITH RUSSIA

THE uprising did not take place that night as scheduled. The local Reds cocked a canny eye at our artillery and machine guns and decided not to tackle a British contingent that was determined to go down fighting. This left the railroad in our control, and we set about evacuating the fifteen thousand women and children. It allowed them to die by machine-gun fire instead of by rape and knife; maybe it was better, at that.

Kitty had remained with us. When the work of evacuation began, she and Red and I went to dine with friends. It was Pancake Sunday, which had something to do with the Russian Easter celebrations; and vodka had a lot to do with Pancake Sunday. We dined at the home of a Kuban Cossack doctor. I knew him well; I had come to know his daughter well. The pancake procession was marvelous: pancakes with fish, which you rolled up and ate like a banana; interminable courses of pancakes, with pork, preserves, and everything else. All the kinds of pancakes ever invented. And vodka.

The daughter was about twenty. She was not pretty but had a wistful appeal that was bewitching. She spoke English shyly and sweetly. After dinner she played Chopin for us. I looked at the tall slender doctor, with his intelligent features, his quick, piercing eyes, his grave dignity. I tried to get him to let his wife and daughter go with us, and go himself, for he belonged to the local

anti-Red government and if he remained here he would be among the first to be executed.

He merely shook his head. His daughter merely shook her head. This was their home. It was all they knew or had; they still believed in God.

A few hours later we entrained and slid quietly out on the Kuban plains, with shells bursting behind us. I thought of the shy dear girl who played and sang so sweetly, of her gentle grace—however, it was not wise to think about such matters.

Ninety miles amid a sea of moving humanity. All the refugees of eastern Russia were flooding down here through the passes on a trail of blood. The last march,







the last retreat. Ahead was Novorossiisk on the sea, the last little space of Russian ground here at the end of things. Down beyond, where the crags of the Caucasus lifted to meet the sea, were Reds. But out in Novorossiisk harbor lay the English and French warships. And while the guns of these ships commanded the narrow mountain pass above, where the railway and the road debouched through the rolling hills to the town, no Reds could pass. Novorossiisk was a safe refuge at last, absolutely safe until every refugee and the whole wreckage of the army could be evacuated to the Crimea, where Russia was making a real stand.

Those naval guns were the ace in the hole; the trump ace.

You must see the picture; soon it is to become blurred with horror. The seaport of Novorossiisk straggles along the rugged coast for five miles. Behind the town rise the Caucasus peaks, a rugged giant allowing pygmies to play on his toes. The harbor is enclosed between the crooked toes of this indulgent giant by a long wide mole that protrudes from the shore on the east, and a breakwater with a lighthouse that reaches out from the west. In the harbor and beyond were nearly

"Is it Red? Maybe not. Look!" The Camel saluted—a dive, a flip of the wings. Then a wide sweep around and a long climb.



fifty Allied warships, the majority of them French and British.

During long months hordes of refugees had swelled the city. All the remaining military equipment was here; the quays were loaded with serried ranks of artillery and with supplies. The trains had come rolling in until they were stalled and jammed for miles away.

Now the avalanche of humanity came pressing down, ever faster, ever greater. The streets, the shores presented a sea of soldiery and refugees, each day increased.

On the hills above the town gathered the last of the Cossacks. Denikine and most of the Don Cossacks were embarked. Here remained the Kubans, over thirty thousand of them, camped on the heights; about them had gathered, as Denikine himself estimated before his departure, forty thousand other scattered troops. Seventy thousand men, an army such as had swept Europe under Napoleon—helpless. No organization. No supplies. No artillery. Seventy thousand men who would be butchered but for those naval guns that held the passes and the roads beyond.

This may give some faint conception of what vaster numbers composed the refugee host blackening the city and shores and hillsides. A host so enormous that it could not be policed. Rapine, robbery, and murder ran riot. Here upon this icy coast was emptied all of south Russia.

B Flight huddled in its train; there was no temptation to explore this city. Kitty went off to her Kuban Cossacks on the hillsides, to take command of a fresh troop. The *bort* was blowing—that icy wind peculiar to Novorossiisk, coming down out of the funnel of the Caucasus. It blew so hard one could not stand against it. Freight cars were actually blown from the tracks. Ships in harbor were covered with icy spume; some sank under the burden. Only the blue corpses strewn the streets were unmoved.

Up in the mountain passes the Reds had come. Their armored trains filled the tracks. Troop trains spewed out cavalry and artillery. Yet there was no fighting, no forward movement, no opening of gunfire. They seemed waiting for something.

B Flight got to work. Our train had been shunted down close to the quays. We got two Camels rigged and ready on the shore in case Red bombers showed up. The other Camels lay in readiness to put together.

Then, suddenly, came the orders. Evacuate—instantly! It was stunning; it was so horrible that the mind and soul recoiled. There was no reason for it. Our fleet could remain here indefinitely. But the British and French alike had their orders. Evacuate! Destroy the artillery, everything; the stores, the army supplies on which the Crimea counted.

It meant appalling things. It meant that a few of us could go, a comparative few. The troops, of course—some of them. It was so senseless, so horribly inhuman, that we shuddered and refused to believe it.

The orders came. Evacuate—instantly.

Entire trainloads of ammunition were dumped into the sea. Breechblocks from the serried rows of field guns followed. Supplies, stores, all the vast quantities of equipment were hurled over from the quays.

OUR two ready-rigged Camels were left on the shore against emergency. Our others, with many more pulled from their packing cases, were placed side by side. A tank passed over them, reducing their fuselages to tangled wires and debris; it crawled back over their engines, crushing everything. Then the tank itself was sent off the end of the wharf.

The Allies had abandoned the cause of Russia.

Denikine and his picked regiments filled the available ships. What of the seventy thousand men on the heights above town—the Kuban Cossacks? They remained. What of the uncounted host of refugees? Every floatable craft in the harbor was made ready. Tugs with barges trailing, loaded to the danger point; motorboats towing lighters; hurriedly constructed rafts—all were pressed into service. Yet they could carry only a minute fraction of that human avalanche.

Multitudes thronged the water front, begging, beseeching, bribing. Anything for a chance to get past the

armed guards of the boats! The officers caught the full brunt of these pleas, which were heartrending; and, just in case you think the British officer is a curt machine without a soul, let me tell you something.

Colonel Bingham of the Intelligence Staff dined with us one evening. He was a magnificent fellow who spoke Russian fluently, and we knew him rather well. During dinner he was depressed, and confided to us that the appeals pouring in upon him and the ghastly certainty ahead were almost unendurable. Nothing in the whole retreat, he said, had so wrenched him as the awful entreaties of the women, and of the Russian officers for their children, which he was forced to ignore.

Next day he shot himself through the brain.

Of course the refugees did not all take it the same way. One day Spud Murphy, Eddie, and I strolled around the bay and into the town. The *bort*, that incredible wind, began to blow, and we couldn't get back to the train. No droshky would attempt the trip, for the heavy sleighs were blown around like corks. To walk was impossible. We sighted a big mansion and headed for it to get shelter. We were literally blown into the place, and found ourselves in one of the gayest, wildest parties I ever experienced.

THERE were a couple of princesses, high officers, artists of the opera and the stage, aristocrats of all kinds. Who owned the place, I have no idea. We danced, sang, and drank until next morning, and not a soul begged us to find standing room in a ship. They knew what was coming, and they took it on the chin.

On the last day I was given the deplorable task of destroying five hundred gallon jugs of rum.

That night at mess our ribald songs fell flat. The drinks had no effect; they could not banish the horror that was upon us. Kink entered and came over to me and Eddie.

"You'd better take a look at Red. He's in his cabin. Sick."

When an Englishman says "sick" he does not mean "ill." He means sick. Eddie and I went to Red Johnson's cabin. He had been sick; he was still sick. He lay on the bunk with his face smothered in the pillow, his back and shoulders convulsed, his fists beating the bed. He made no sound whatever. I rolled him over and he stared at us, panting, then sat up.

"She won't come away. She won't leave her troopers," he said in a toneless, dead voice. "She says, did we leave our men at Rostov? That's the answer."

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed Eddie. "So that's it, huh? Well, cheer up. The Kubans are going. The marine landing officer is in the mess now, and he says—"

"You lie like hell," broke in Red without emotion. "Kitty has just left me. Her troop is on outpost duty at the mouth of the pass. Their commanders have been told that they must wait till the ships come back from the Crimea. She rode in to tell me good-by."

"Well, it's only two or three hundred miles," I said. "The ships—"

"In two or three hours after the ships leave the Reds will sweep every Cossack off those heights," said Red, and we knew it was the truth. "They've sworn to wipe out every Kuban under arms—"

"Damn it, Kink can get passage for Kitty!" I exploded.

Red rolled his eyes at me.

"She won't go without her men, you fool. I was going to stay; I wanted to ride back with her. I got my kit packed and was going. She threatened to turn me over to our own headquarters under arrest as a deserter. And she meant it. Why can't the fleet wait a week? More ships would be here then. Why—why?"

He flung himself down. His fingers ripped an army blanket to shreds. We went out.

We embarked at midmorning. Our former Red servants put our luggage over the gangway, bade us good-by with tears, and departed, still wearing their black prisoner-of-war uniforms with the yellow moon on the back.

Almost five thousand of us crammed the decks of a captured German merchantman built to accommodate fifteen hundred at a pinch. The flight bivouacked in a



slight space on the top deck. Red Johnson complained of a headache and disappeared somewhere below.

Gunfire from two warships was now covering the pass with the monotony of a tolling bell. A solitary shot, a measured interval, ending with the boom of another gun; all night long it had been going on without a variation. It was not an attempt to range the hostile force. It was merely a repeated warning to the Reds that they had best hold off. They accepted it.

Crowds thronged the shores, the wharves, the mole, and the breakwater with its lighthouse—all the silent, hopeless avalanche that had poured down to the end of Russia and could go no farther. All hope was gone now. Here and there along the wharves people were throwing themselves into the icy water as our ship slowly pulled away in its turn and headed seaward.

On the heights above, the dark-red blue-striped flag of the Kubans fluttered on a slender standard. Seventy thousand men up there, above the refugee flood, stood impassively watching us depart. All that remained of the Kuban Cossacks, silent, imperturbable. Men with six years of warfare behind them, from the Masurian swamps to the Carpathian passes. They could go no farther. To the northwest, the Straits of Kertsch widened into the Sea of Azov. To the east and south, an impassable line of crags blocked retreat; everywhere Red artillery and machine guns were waiting. They had lived hard, fought hard, played hard, in Cossack fashion, and now their potion of victory was a tattered standard on a wind-swept hill, with death closing in.

In the town squads of frantic refugees were barricading streets, placing machine guns, making pitifully futile preparations against the end. Fires were bursting up at half a dozen points.

IN the icy waters of the bay horses were swimming frantically, plunging about with despairing snorts. Departing cavalymen had driven them off the ends of the quays. A great dog swam among them. He came to our heavily laden ship, put his paws against the black hull, and his face was uplifted to us with pleading wonder in his eyes. I turned away.

A hum of voices reached me. "Where's Red?" "That's Red, I tell you!" Oaths broke out, oaths of startled comprehension. I swung around as Eddie pointed.

Our two emergency ships had been forgotten on a strip of shore beyond the landing sheds. One was moving; the roar of its motor reached us as we passed out beyond the end of the mole. Eddie grabbed my arm.

"The damned fool! He slipped ashore— But is it Red? Maybe not. Look!"

The Camel lifted and soared, and then we had the answer to our question. It was a squadron custom, in departing, to salute the others; and

now, heading out toward us, the Camel saluted—a dive, a jaunty flip of the wings. Then a wide sweep around and a long climb back over the land and the hills.

Then, as we watched, he dropped. Down and down in a long and perfect glide. There was a sudden stir of movement in the masses of Kuban Cossacks; then he was down among them, safe landed.

"Oh!" The gasp broke from Eddie. "Oh! By God—so that was it! Kitty!"

The first Red shells began to burst as we steamed away and the midst closed the doomed city from our sight.

At Feodosia, just west of the straits, Eddie and I climbed aboard a destroyer that was going back on Naval Intelligence work. There was just a chance that we could make a try for Red, if the city was still holding out.

It was the next day. A drizzle of rain was falling, misting everything, as the little craft nosed in toward Novorossiisk and headed for the mole. We were scanning the hilltops through our binoculars. Then we exchanged a silent look, and Eddie swallowed hard.

A few horses wandered about the hilltops among the dead. The Kuban Cossacks were gone. A handful, we later learned, had cut their way through and eventually reached Batum; but not the ones we sought. Red Johnson had his wish.

We looked at the town, at the mole and breakwater stretching toward us. Out on the breakwater Red squads were swarming around machine guns. The long mole, opposite, was crowded with refugees—every inch of it; thousands of them, mostly women, packed and jammed along its entire length.

A chatter of machine guns and rifles at the shore end showed that these were the last of the refugees to hold out.

As we looked, the machine guns from the breakwater opened up. They sprayed the mole deliberately, slowly, carefully, sweeping every human creature there. Our destroyer reeled as our guns let go—but already shore batteries had ranged us, and under a burst of shrapnel we headed out and away into the midst. Behind, the deathly chatter of those machine guns continued.

I leaned over the rail; I was sick—not ill. When I straightened up again we were beyond sight of the shore and the town, yet the faint tattoo of those guns could still be heard.

Eddie clapped me suddenly on the shoulder.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "We're all washed up here. But they tell me the R. A. F. is building an air line from Bagdad to Cairo. Putting on a great show. What do you say?"

I nodded. We were all washed up with Russia.

THE END

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**T**HIS week Liberty begins a universal game—a game that *every one* can play—with an excellent chance to land the big money. All you have to do is to make a design in a folded piece of square paper by any means at your disposal. The brief rules explain simply and clearly just how to go about winning.

Don't pass this up! The only sure way to guard against winning a substantial cash award—and there are 1,354 of them—is to stay out of the game. If you submit even a single Jinky you are in danger of winning.

Consider the prize schedule! \$1,000 is the First Prize, and \$100 is the Second. Then, if you manage to send in what is judged to be the worst Jinky of all, you'll receive the booby prize, \$500, which has been set aside for the maker of "the world's worst Jinky." The entrant whose Jinky is judged to be next to the worst will receive \$50. Each of 1,350 other entrants will receive \$1.

(CUT ON THIS LINE)

LIBERTY'S

\$3,000 CASH PRIZE

NATIONAL JINKY SWEEPSTAKES

**THIS IS A  
JINKY**

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IT TAKES NO PRACTICE TO JINKY  
EVERYONE CAN CUT HOLES IN PAPER  
\$1,000 FOR THE BEST JINKY  
\$500 FOR THE WORLD'S WORST JINKY  
MANY OTHER PRIZES  
MAKE YOURS TODAY!

Make a practice Jinky if you wish, but bear in mind that any Jinky will be disbarred if traced or otherwise copied.

Do not paint, color, or mount your entry. Make sure that your name and address are written plainly upon the Jinky and the envelope in which you mail it. And don't forget to enclose a dime for the manual, *How to Make Jinkys and Win Money* and two additional Jinky blanks you can also enter in this contest—the National Jinky Sweepstakes—without additional cost.

## WHAT A JINKY IS

A Jinky is a square piece of paper which, after being folded at least once, has had holes torn, clipped, punched, burned, or otherwise made in it to form a design. Scissors, razor blade, knife, punch, or just your hands may be used.

It makes no difference by what means you obtain the result. After you have started you may re-open the fold and finish the design. Only at the start *must* the Jinky be folded. There is no special pattern to follow. Let your imagination be your guide.

## THE RULES

1. Any one anywhere may compete in Liberty's National Jinky Sweepstakes except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. The contest will be featured in the September 28; and October 5 and 12 issues of Liberty, one official Jinky blank appearing in each issue.

3. To compete, clip the Jinky blank from this page, *fold it at least once*, and tear, cut, punch, or otherwise make a design in it.

4. Then send it by first-class mail to JINKY SWEEPSTAKES EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Your name and address *must* be on each Jinky and upon the envelope in which you submit it.

5. Each Jinky entry must be accompanied by a dime in payment for one copy of the manual, *How to Make Jinkys and Win Money*, which will be mailed to you, together with two additional official Jinky blanks, which you can enter in the National Jinky Sweepstakes without additional cost.

6. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. All entries must be received on or before October 23, the closing date of this contest.

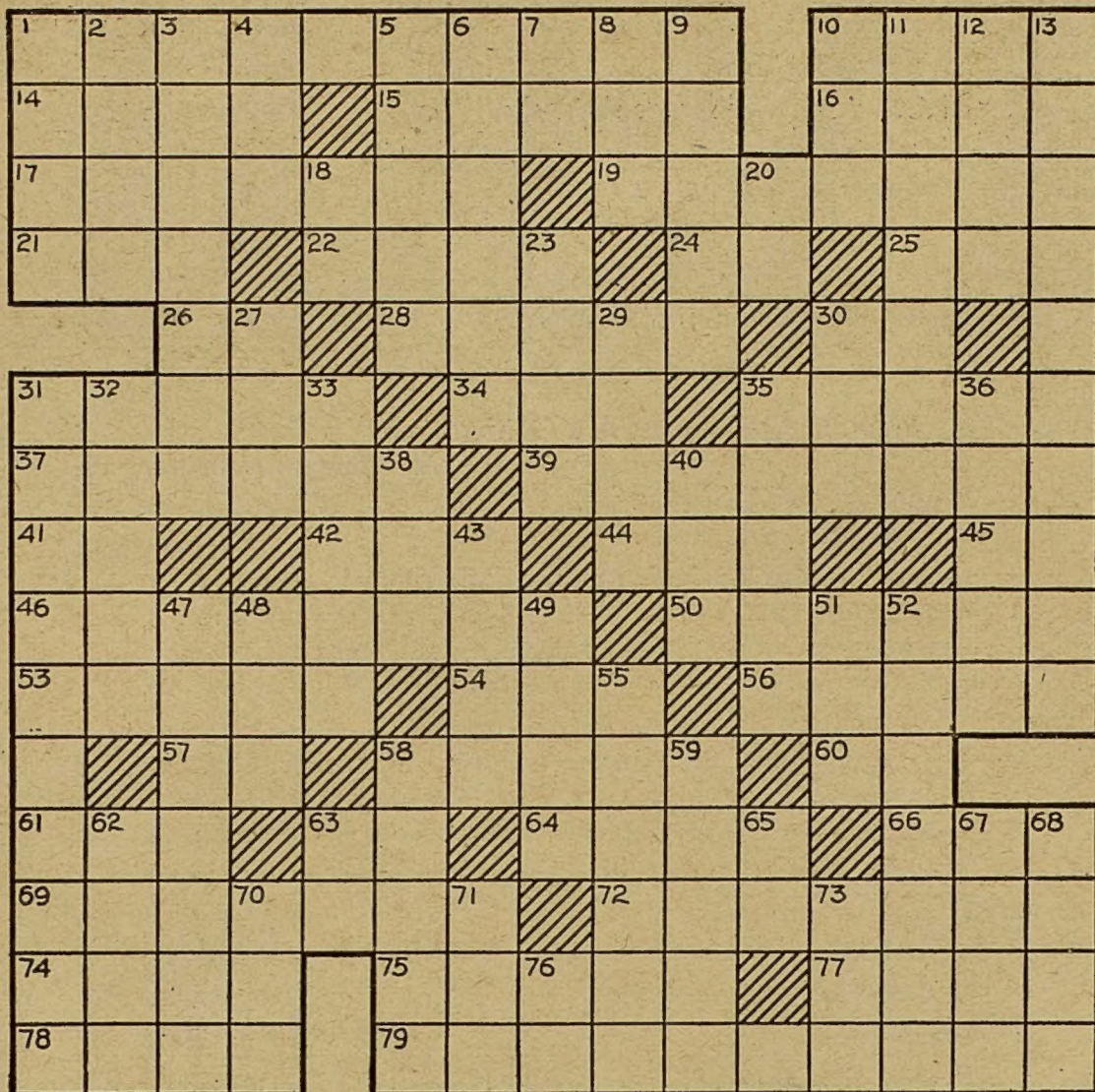
7. Jinkys will be judged on the basis of oddity, originality, and artistic merit—in that order. On that basis a \$1,000 First Prize and a \$100 Second Prize will be awarded. For the 1,350 next best entries \$1 each will be paid. A booby prize of \$500 will be paid for the "world's worst Jinky," and \$50 will be paid for the next to the worst. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

Any contestant may submit any number of Jinkys provided they are on official Jinky blanks, but only one prize will be paid to any individual entrant.



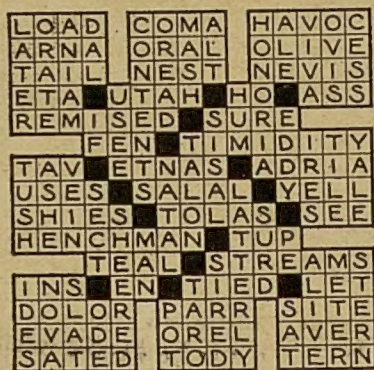
# Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



## HORIZONTAL

- 1 Here's where they put a tax on athletes' brains
- 10 A strain on the whiskers
- 14 Pork squork
- 15 Home of General Johnson's bluebird
- 16 You guess!
- 17 Many a kid will use them to make his mark in the world
- 19 You should see his finesse work with a spade
- 21 Crazy brick receiver
- 22 Long-running Rio with a Grande finale on B'way
- 24 They say this isn't enjoying its Long run in the South
- 25 Needlepoint
- 26 A pained expression
- 28 Dese guys never sock a dame wid dair hats on
- 30 Things indulged in after holding hands (abbr.)
- 31 Bagdad-to-Cairo express
- 34 Where codfish balls come from
- 35 Four-legged torturer with long black and white teeth that gets thumped and gives percussion of the brain
- 37 A woman in the rough
- 39 The Grandest thing in England in the spring
- 41 This makes a tough tougher
- 42 The start of Gettysburg
- 44 The kind of power Mae West gets along with
- 45 Not much volume to this
- 46 Blind things that come from bottles
- 50 Many a lame man gets a kick out of this
- 53 Invitation to mischief
- 54 Divinely shaped thing
- 56 What brides make before marriage
- 57 The corner you meet her at
- 58 Victorian men were lost in this for years—grammaw found grampaw hiding behind one
- 60 Where to stay while horse-back riding
- 61 This is usually found before a Levine
- 63 The result of too much punch (abbr.)
- 64 Athletes' land of milk and honey



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 66 It sounds like 6 but it's 103 more
- 69 What professors do to the heads of blondes
- 72 A drab wrapper with feminine sex appeal
- 74 An eye stopper in a gal's skirt
- 75 What touchdowns do to rooters at Hahvahd
- 77 Fancy name for a stuffed fruit
- 78 What you do with a telegram
- 79 They're so low they'd have to climb a ladder to bark up your spats

## VERTICAL

- 1 This lover of spring chicken is responsible for a lot of bad eggs and always tells the world
- 2 Thirty things Mussolini's soldiers fight for a month
- 3 Subject studied at the beach, requiring knowledge of figures
- 4 Biggest overhead in the world
- 5 To mistake identity at the bridge (colloq.)
- 6 Could this be eaten if you made them Mary, Jrune, Jruly, and Orgust?
- 7 This is often used in second guessing
- 8 Wiry expression
- 9 These get a good licking, then slapped on the back
- 10 Three quarters shot
- 11 Collegiate crab catcher
- 12 What a blonde rarely does to her head
- 13 The nuttiest subject in the world
- 18 Eye minus bee
- 20 The underworld degree: Bachelor of Alibis (abbr.)
- 23 The most prolific author in the world
- 27 Tied up legally after a long engagement
- 29 What the handsome quarterback tried to make at Vassar
- 30 The uncle of the Bridge of San Luis Rey
- 31 Inflation of the ego accompanied by swelling of the head
- 32 Heart lead
- 33 Demitt me (always seen after Hey!)
- 35 Couldn't eat, couldn't sleep from lack of honey
- 36 The orange with the belly button
- 38 Born
- 40 This has been behind bars for years
- 43 I know of a fellow who married twelve of these (sing.)
- 47 To fail to hit the bottle
- 48 Had
- 49 What Roosevelt's Ship of State hit in the Supreme Court
- 51 Filling for sweetie pie
- 52 The Ford in the Social Register
- 55 This causes whistles to dry up
- 58 Stuffed nuts at college
- 59 Big barks
- 62 He has supported Lizzie for years, goes round with her, and when he's broke leaves things at a standstill
- 63 Half a royal personage
- 65 Weigh off in China
- 67 Het up
- 68 The present time
- 70 Wht. the Ryl. Nrth. Wst. Pllice. is (abbrev.)
- 71 A drink in reverse
- 73 French for nuts
- 76 A current problem in radio (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



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# IT HAPPENED IN...

**BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA**—Fifty policemen were arrested here for not wearing rubber overshoes while on duty in rain.



**PITTSBURGH, PA.**—Blood was streaming from Carl Bomb's right hand and there was a baffled look upon his face when a patrolman found him on a street. The patrolman found the middle finger badly lacerated.

"How in the world," asked the policeman, "did you ever cut a finger like that?"

"Finger? Finger?" questioned Bomb. "You know, I *thought* that was the funniest tasting hot dog I ever had eaten."

Bomb had gone into a restaurant, purchased a sandwich, and taken it outside. He said he had mistaken his finger for the wiener.

After fifteen stitches had been taken in the finger Bomb was sent to a hospital. A charge of drunkenness was filed against him.



**ST. LOUIS, MO.**—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. White, both deaf-mutes, were divorced here on the husband's plea in sign language that his wife "nagged" him.



## NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Note: This almanac was compiled as a voluntary boondoggling project by a man who hopes to get relief from the New Deal by 1936. The purpose of the work is to show the improvements in this nation's philosophy from Franklin, Ben, to Franklin, D., and to provide readers with a new set of false teeth for their old saws.

A penny saved is hoarding.

—Secretary Morgenthau.

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COVER BY MACFADDEN STUDIO—GEORGE LARKIN

## WILL LINDBERGH SAVE HAUPTMANN?

INSIDE FACTS OF THE KIDNAPING NEVER TOLD BEFORE  
REVEALED IN A THOUGHT-PROVOKING EXPLANATION,  
"WHY I AM OUT AS THEIR ATTORNEY"

BY

**EDWARD J. REILLY**

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Is Machinery Killing the White Race? by Jay Franklin,  
Flower of the Gods, by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot,  
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NEXT WEEK IN  
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# Do you step backward..... when you go home?

**M**OST of us do. Step backward from modern offices, modern shops, modern factories, into horse-and-buggy era homes.

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*They tell about  
an Englishman—*

*Who closely scrutinized  
His income tax blank  
And then sent it back*

*With the following notation:*

*"I have given the matter careful thought  
And have decided not to join  
The Income Tax."*

*. . .*

*Now getting around to cigarettes  
There are no ifs ands or buts  
About Chesterfield  
Two words make everything clear . . .*

*They Satisfy*



*Chesterfield ... the cigarette that's Milder*  
*Chesterfield ... the cigarette that TASTES BETTER*